TN USA3 C1891 01
UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
PERIODICALS
ART ACQUISITIONS
EAST ORANGE NJ
CTY
20H
JAN2189

The Nation.

UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
East Orange, NJ 07019

October 31, 1988 $1.75; U.K. £1

OCT 19 1988
PERIODICALS DEPARTMENT

EDITORIAL

HIDDEN ISSUE: A.C.L.U. vs. C.I.A.

With both presidential candidates running toward the center (when their campaigns are not busy running negative ads), neither seems willing to own up to, campaign on or elaborate the core difference that distinguishes them—namely, the difference between the C.I.A., which George Bush directed, and the A.C.L.U., whose card Michael Dukakis carries.

Consider that, as Speaker of the House Jim Wright pointed out, David MacMichael, a former C.I.A. analyst, told the World Court under oath that the C.I.A.'s anti-Sandinista actions were undertaken in the hope that "the Nicaraguan government would clamp down on civil liberties within Nicaragua, arresting its opposition."

There you have it. The C.I.A. is for covert action, the A.C.L.U. is for civil liberty. The C.I.A. is in the disinformation business, the A.C.L.U. is in the freedom of information business. The C.I.A. is involved in the manipulation of the democratic process, the A.C.L.U. is dedicated to protecting the democratic process. The C.I.A.'s mission requires deception, the A.C.L.U.'s mission requires revelation. The C.I.A. believes that the ends justify the means, the A.C.L.U. believes that the means can't be disentangled from the ends. The C.I.A. takes it as its duty to subvert alien ideologies, the A.C.L.U. argues for the right to hear them. The C.I.A. plays the assassination game, the A.C.L.U. opposes the death penalty on principle. The C.I.A. finds the Bill of Rights an inconvenience, the A.C.L.U. regards it as inviolate.

Even those sympathetic to the A.C.L.U. may be reluctant to frame a campaign in these terms because the union, after all, has only 250,000 members. To these faint hearts we say, How many members/employees does the C.I.A. have? The answer is that it's a secret, and that, after all, is the point.

TAWANA BRAWLEY
Stanley Diamond

THE P.O.W./M.I.A. HUSTLE
Alan Pell Crawford

GEORGE BUSH, DEREGULATOR
Mark Green
Mark A. Pinsky

REPORT FROM TURTLE ISLAND
Kirkpatrick Sale

FILMS AND FESTIVALS
Stuart Klawans

THE KAHANE CONNECTION

HOW SHAMIR USED J.D.L. TERRORISM

ROBERT I. FRIEDMAN

If it were not for Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir and Tehiya Party leader Geula Cohen, Rabbi Meir Kahane might still be just another obscure Orthodox rabbi giving Hebrew lessons in Flatbush, Brooklyn. Despite their recent vehement denunciations of Kahane, the two were part of a covert cabal that helped make the militant leader of the Jewish Defense League an international figure and a force to be reckoned with in Israel. Shamir and Cohen were at the center of a group that masterminded the league's often violent campaign against Soviet targets during its heyday in the late 1960s and early 1970s, seriously threatening détente, according to former J.D.L. officials, sources in Israel and America who were involved in the operation and documents obtained by the author.

What's all the more startling about Shamir and Cohen's once-close relationship with Kahane is that just about the only thing that their parties and the left agree on these days is preventing Kahane's anti-Arab Kach Party from running in the November 1 Knesset elections. With his popularity surging in response to the Palestinian uprising, Kahane could win as many as seven of the 120 seats, making him the leader of the third largest party in Israel, according to polls. If he wins even half that many seats—and the expected stalemate at the polls between Labor and Likud occurs—the Brooklyn-born rabbi would be in a position of considerable power. With this in mind, the Central Election Commission recently banned

(*Continued on Page 420*)

14006 44
0 377535 6

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXCHANGE.

A PLAY ON WORDS ALONE?

Brooklyn

I was astonished by the "know-nothing" approach of Thomas M. Disch's theater review in the July 16/23 *Nation*. The attacks on Ingmar Bergman's *Hamlet* and Tadeusz Kantor's *I Shall Never Return* appeared motivated by a xenophobia (one as to language, the other as to form) that I can scarcely believe any responsible theater person would intend, especially one writing for a magazine of progressive politics.

Bergman is one of that small handful of aging "master" directors whose interpretations of classic texts are legendary to serious students of the theater. In Sweden he is more celebrated for his stage direction than for his films. *Hamlet* has been announced as his farewell production for the stage. In addition, it was known that Bergman was too ill to attend the American run at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. It was surprising that in discussing this production, Disch made none of this background and context available to readers.

Americans are notoriously intolerant of other people's languages on their stages, both in theater and opera. The beauty of Bergman's *Hamlet*—and about few other works could we say this—was that the audiences knew the text so well that no translation was required. This no doubt accounts for the closeness with which audiences followed the production and the standing ovations they offered every night.

The Swedish should have been no bar to Disch's own understanding, yet he gives readers no idea at all of the insights that have made this the most admired Shakespeare production in Europe since Brook's *King Lear* a quarter-century ago. (There are so many startling insights: I mention only the wholly new emphasis on Ophelia as the victim of Denmark's rot.) Nor does Disch allude to the dark "Polish" reading of the Fortinbras plot, right out of Witkiewicz's apocalyptic "comedies." The link between the Swedish and the Polish stage has been one of the interesting "trade routes" of the modern theater.

I am sure Disch knows all this, however he may judge the production, but why was none of it thought at least as important to mention as his objection to the language? It is hard to understand his fury at being made to listen to Shakespeare in Swedish. Didn't he listen to Strehler's *La Tempesta* in Italian? Did he hear Mnouchkine's history plays and *Twelfth Night* in French? Was he fortunate enough to see Beckett's own staging of *Waiting for Godot* in German? Last summer I was in a rapt, overflowing, German audience in Stuttgart that sat through a four-hour *Three Sisters* in Hungarian and gave it a twenty-minute standing ovation. Why not encourage what little theatrical literacy there is among your readers instead of flattering their limitations? We Americans have more to learn about Shakespeare from Bergman in Swedish than from most of our own directors and actors. That may be why theater people were flocking to the Brooklyn Academy of Music to see this production.

I must level a similar protest against Disch's treatment of the 73-year-old Tadeusz Kantor. I myself had no particular enthusiasm for this fourth and perhaps final (as its title implies) Kantor art-performance work to appear in this country. But it was demeaning to *Nation* readers' intelligence to tell them this was "typical," "[Modern] Life Eats Shit," "traditional avant-garde" Surrealist "silly gibblegabble." There have, after all, been Symbolist, Expressionist, Futurist, Dada, Surrealist, and later avant-gardes, each with its own typicalities. If Disch really meant to stick Kantor with the Surrealist label, that's open to debate. Kantor's aesthetic is strongly Symbolist. Its roots are in the Polish late Romantic experimental art theater of Wyspiański, carried on by Witkiewicz, and today, Szajna. This theater always had a historical dimension lacked by French Surrealism, or indeed, by French/Belgian Symbolism.

The "nightmare" Kantor recounts is the nightmare of Polish history. To Poles "all authority figures" don't goose-step; the German invaders do. The "little people scurrying about in rags" (refugees), the Jewish Orchestra, the Hassidim—all these images are scenes from the tragedy of twentieth-century Poland. The "glimpses of nudity" Disch condemns as prescribed by the "International Surrealist Regulation Board" are really a metaphorical allusion to Polish history again, this time in the form of the leading character of Witkiewicz's best-known play, *The Water Hen*. That is why the "vamp" came on in a "chicken coop."

All these images and a few Disch didn't name are, in addition, deliberate quotations from Kantor's three earlier performance pieces, so *I Shall Never Return* was a retrospective, not only historically but personally. Again, all biographical, historical and artistic context were omitted from the review.

Readers of *The Nation* cannot see most of the performances Disch writes about. They have closed even before the review is printed. If he has nothing more to share with readers than his own immediate contempt, why bother to write at all? The approach seems perilously close to the "hit-or-flop" commercial criticism whose implied politics are not what one hopes to read in *The Nation*.

Finally, permit me to say, as a longtime subscriber as well as a student of the theater, that I greatly admired Disch's recent piece on the History plays. I missed one on Charles Ludlam of which I have heard excellent report.

Elinor Fuchs

DISCH REPLIES

New York City

Thank you [Elinor Fuchs] for your letter. Even though you write chiefly to register your disagreement with my Bergman and Kantor reviews, it is in the nature of a critic to enjoy verbal contention and I accept the gage you throw down, happily.

First let me protest your characterization of the review as "know-nothing," and my treatment of Bergman's *Hamlet* as an attack. I simply asserted that I did not see how a non-Swedish-speaking critic could venture to judge the merits of a production of Shakespeare given in Swedish. Shakespeare's text is not mere incidental music garnishing a director's tableau. A great interpreter of Hamlet is one who brings to each familiar line a distinctive music, but his musicianship can scarcely be judged by one innocent of the language the actor is speaking. Such a production may be enjoyed partially, of course, as the blind enjoy sculpture, or as a monolingual opera-goer may enjoy Verdi's *Falstaff* with no better sense of Boito's contribution than what he's gleaned from a synopsis and can infer from the action on stage. But the blind don't *review* sculpture.

As to Bergman's status as an aging "master," I don't gainsay it, though it does seem to me that in touring his *Hamlet* he is exploiting that status. He may have had standing ovations every night, but there were also press reports of dismayed ticketholders asking for refunds when they discovered that this *Hamlet* was to be in Swedish. The advertisements did not emphasize the fact: I'm sure it was not simple carelessness. If Bergman's not to blame for deliberately deemphasizing this fact, his producers are.

My own sense of that matter is that Bergman would have better served an English-speaking audience by presenting a play written in Swedish and presented, as the Maly troupe presented its play, with a simultaneous translation available on headsets. But of course there is no Swedish play with the cachet of *Hamlet*. I can appreciate Bergman's desire to have his *Hamlet* on the record internationally, but I think the "common play-goer" would have as little appetite for a Swedish *Hamlet* as the common reader would have for reading a novel in Swedish. Surely that is not a denigration of Swedish.

Theater professionals, on the other hand, have a legitimate interest in foreign-language theater, and must sometimes resign themselves to the partial aesthetic experience of watching an action they can only fractionally comprehend for the sake of what can be winnowed out. There may even be a kind of fun in the process. A bad movie on TV often becomes much more amusing with the sound off. But this is not a fun inherent in the

(*Continued on Page 436*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS.

Volume 247, Number 12

EXCHANGE
406

EDITORIALS
405 Hidden Issue: A.C.L.U. vs. C.I.A.
407 Secret Economics
408 The AIDS Quilt — *Elinor Fuchs*
409 Reversing Brawley — *Stanley Diamond*

COLUMNS
410 Uncivil Liberties — *Calvin Trillin*
411 Minority Report — *Christopher Hitchens*

ARTICLES
405 The Kahane Connection: How Shamir Used J.D.L. Terrorism — *Robert I. Friedman*
412 Patriots and Pig Bones: The P.O.W./M.I.A. Rescue Hustle — *Alan Pell Crawford*
414 A Dukakis Opportunity: George Bush's Regulatory Flop — *Mark Green and Mark A. Pinsky*
418 The Cutting Edge: A Report From Turtle Island — *Kirkpatrick Sale*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
426 Esman, Jackson and King: Growth With Fairness: A Program to Rebuild America's Economy
Raskin and Hartman, eds.: Winning America: Ideas and Leadership for the 1990s
Osborne: Laboratories of Democracy — *James Ledbetter*
428 Free Will and the River (poem) — *Judith Root*
430 Music — *Gene Santoro*
431 Films — *Stuart Klawans*

Drawings by Monica Incisa

Editor, Victor Navasky

Executive Editor, Richard Pollak; *Associate Editors,* George Black, Andrew Kopkind; *Assistant Editors,* Micah L. Sifry, Katrina vanden Heuvel; *Literary Editor,* Elizabeth Pochoda; *Assistant Literary Editor,* Julie Abraham; *Poetry Editor,* Grace Schulman; *Managing Editor,* JoAnn Wypijewski; *Research Director,* Vania Del Borgo; *Copy Chief,* Art Winslow; *Assistant Copy Editors,* Judith Long, Tracy Tullis; *Assistant to the Editor,* Dennis Selby; *Interns,* Sarah Babb, Kim Noële Brice, Eric Gravley (Washington), Amy Langenberg, Robert Nathan, Seena Simon, Karen Sulkis, Robert Worth. *On leave,* Richard Lingeman.

Departments: Architecture, Jane Holtz Kay; *Art,* Arthur C. Danto; *Dance,* Mindy Aloff; *Lingo,* Jim Quinn; *Music,* David Hamilton, Edward W. Said, Gene Santoro; *Theater,* Thomas M. Disch, Moira Hodgson; *Bureaus: Washington, D.C.,* Jefferson Morley and David Corn, *editors*; *Latin America,* Penny Lernoux; *Europe,* Daniel Singer; *United Kingdom,* E.P. Thompson; *Paris,* Claude Bourdet; *Corporations,* Robert Sherrill; *Defense,* Michael T. Klare; *Columnists and Regular Contributors:* Calvin Trillin (*Uncivil Liberties*), Stephen F. Cohen (*Sovieticus*), Alexander Cockburn (*Beat the Devil*), Christopher Hitchens (*Minority Report*), Stuart Klawans (*The Small Time*), Edward Sorel. *Contributing Editors:* Kai Bird, Elsa Dixler, Thomas Ferguson, Max Holland, Molly Ivins, Katha Pollitt, Joel Rogers, Kirkpatrick Sale, Herman Schwartz, Michael Thomas, Gore Vidal, Jon Wiener. *Editorial Board:* Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Elinor Langer, Michael Pertschuk, Elizabeth Pochoda, Marcus G. Raskin, A.W. Singham, Roger Wilkins. *InterNation Editor,* Mark Schapiro.

Manuscripts: The magazine cannot be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless accompanied by addressed, stamped envelopes.

Publisher, Arthur L. Carter

President and Associate Publisher, David Parker; *General Manager,* Neil Black; *Advertising Director,* Chris Calhoun; *Business Manager,* Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeepers,* Tanveer Mall, Ivor A. Richardson; *Art/Production Manager,* Jane Sharples; *Circulation Director,* Margaret Pyle; *Subscription Manager,* Cookee V. Klein; *Publicity Director,* Sarah Perl; *InterNation Manager,* Phillip Frazer; *Director, Nation Books,* Elsa Dixler; *Assistant Advertising Manager,* Eamonn Fitzgerald; *Receptionist,* Greta Loell; *Mail Clerk,* John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary,* Shirley Sulat; *Production,* Terry Miller; *Typography,* Randall Cherry, Sandy McCroskey; *Nation Associates Director,* Sandra Zickefoose; *Syndication,* Jeff Sorensen; *Newsstand Sales Manager,* Jay Pearsall.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by The Nation Company, Inc. © 1988 in the U.S.A. by The Nation Company, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (212) 242-8400. *Washington Bureau:* Suite 308, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Washington, DC 20002. (202) 546-2239. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION. Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries: *The Nation,* Box 1953, Marion, OH 43305. *Subscription Price:* One year, $36; two years, $64. Add $14 for surface mail postage outside U.S. Claims for missed issues must be made within 60 days (120 days foreign) of publication date. **Please allow 6-8 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Back issues $3 prepaid ($4 foreign) from: *The Nation,* 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. *The Nation* is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. This issue went to press on October 13.

EDITORIALS.

Secret Economics

It is impossible to know from the words of the presidential candidates, and from the media that transmit them to a dazed audience, that the United States is well into a condition of extreme economic distress. Most analysts who are not actively promoting George Bush's election or defending Ronald Reagan's Administration see a recession in the country's future. Opinions vary only insofar as its predicted date of arrival, length of term and severity. And yet Bush sings Everything's Coming Up Roses (unless *they* take it away) and Michael Dukakis admits only "sectoral" problems that can be painlessly remedied by hard work, compassion and corporate-labor collaboration.

Looking deeper into the abyss, many economists perceive permanent decline in America's ability to control its own economic destiny as debt and deficit increase U.S. dependency on foreign governments and their central banks.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More and more the United States looks like a Third World debtor nation whose populace will be subjected to austerity, labor discipline and circumscribed sovereignty as the offshore creditors act according to their own interests, their own policies and their own whims. The real problem is not foreign ownership or investment in fixed assets in this country—as Dukakis claimed the other day in Missouri, when he spoke to workers at an Italian-owned factory (ooops!). That kind of long-term investment is not going to go away, nor is it particularly sensitive to will-o'-the-wisp course corrections by Eurobankers and Japanese economists. Rather, the danger lies in the mountain of short-term debt commanded by a few central banks and used by the U.S. Treasury to finance militarism—and to pay interest at high rates on the body of debt itself. By manipulating that kind of debt, America's economic allies can in effect do what its political enemies have never done: decide how well ordinary Americans are going to live, how much (and what) they can consume, what foreign policy an administration can pursue—indeed, how much democracy is permissible in American economic affairs.

None of that translates well into sound bites, "hot buttons" or one-line zingers, so it rarely seeps into the rhetoric of the presidential campaign. And since it is considered political suicide to talk economic sense to the American people, the politicians have given over the task of policy planning to a small group of worried men who meet in secret to build a consensus for the "tough choices" the candidates are too squeamish to mention in public. Like new taxes. Like restrictions on Social Security, Medicare and other welfare entitlements. Like measures for restraining consumption and encouraging saving. Like methods for easing the inevitable slide into the next recession and cushioning the trauma of unemployment. In other words, they are drawing the outlines for the "new austerity" that will surely mark the next Administration, as greed and profligacy characterized the one now ending.

The vehicle for such weighty considerations and momentous plans is the National Economic Commission, an elite body conceived and championed by Mario Cuomo and his economic guru, Felix Rohatyn, and sneaked into law last December by their pet Senator, Daniel Patrick Moynihan. Reagan bristled a bit but signed the enabling bill and appointed a "bipartisan" membership headed by Democratic power-broker Robert Strauss and Republican honcho Drew Lewis. Members include Caspar Weinberger, Lane Kirkland, former Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld, Republican Senator Pete Domenici and other tribunes of the people. The group promises to come out with a report between the election and the inauguration, which will explain the economic realities facing America and allow the next President to propose programs he specifically promised to shun like the plague, or at least to avoid before arriving at some fantastic last resort.

The commission, which meets in secret and seeks to impose policies by fiat rather than evolve them out of democratic debate, seems much closer to Dukakis's political sensibility than to Bush's. It is virtually a paradigm of the neoliberal device of elite consensus-building and the avoidance of the messy dialectics of democracy. But the Democratic campaign has had its problems with the group; during the vice-presidential candidates' debate in Omaha, Lloyd Bentsen was obliged to break publicly with his fellow Texan Bob Strauss on the issue of taxing Social Security benefits—one of the ideas the commission is expected to propose, and which Strauss leaked before the debate. And Bush, whose Reaganite base hates the idea of raising taxes and limiting consumption, may well turn out to be the beneficiary of the commission's work if he ever has to build a new constituency for austerity.

Certainly the subjects the commission is charged with considering are worthy of expert analysis. The trouble is that the frame has been tacked together by ideologues in the bipartisan elite who accept the shape, vectors and purposes of the economy as they are perceived to be right now by the conventionally wise. In other words, notions such as economic justice, redistribution and quality of work are simply not up for deliberation in the secrecy of the Strauss-Lewis set. And yet what this obscure body promulgates will have enormous consequences for everyone for many years to come. There ought to be a way to shed more light on the commission's work, and to make the politicians who set it up and will follow its proposals accountable to its victims as well as to its beneficiaries.

The AIDS Quilt

The AIDS Quilt is composed of 3x6-foot grave-shaped fabric panels, sewn together in groups of eight. These groups can be assembled in any configuration. The first panel was made eighteen months ago by gay community organizer Cleve Jones, in memory of a friend who had died. There are now nearly 8,500 panels, many commemorating more than one person. To see the entire quilt, which was arranged in a vast polygon over Columbus Day weekend on the Ellipse behind the White House, one had to thread one's way through five miles of walkways.

The quilt coordinators—a San Francisco-based group with thousands of volunteers nationally, who make up the NAMES Project—claim no political purpose. They say they remember the dead and help the living. But the quilt is itself politics, a masterpiece of grass-roots community organizing and a focus for further organizing wherever it appears. Utterly nonauthoritarian, the coordinators give the quilt's makers total latitude; there is no emotional or creative impulse the quilt cannot contain.

The range of colors, fabrics, designs and personal mythologies is staggering. Anything might get stitched in. Stars of David, crosses and hermetic symbols lie side by side, along with photos, poems, jokes, flowers, old jeans pockets, crushed Budweiser cans, teddy bears, measuring spoons, Harvard flags, ballet shoes, an air-conditioner vent and a fabulous black sequined dress. Many women and children have panels too, and a man who was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Best Daddy in the World." There is extraordinary artistry here, and also a carnival of tackiness. Perhaps that is the most moving and at the same time most politically suggestive thing about the quilt: the lived tackiness, the refusal of so many thousands of quilters to solemnize their losses under the aesthetics of mourning.

Washington is the official center of such mourning. At the edge of the Ellipse, a few yards from where the quilt was displayed, stands the First Division memorial, an eighty-foot marble pillar festooned with wreathed swords and topped by a bronze Victory. Designed by Daniel Chester French, it was erected in 1921 to honor the first division of men who fell in World War I. Their names, along with those of the first divisions killed in World War II and Vietnam, added later, are crammed onto surrounding bronze plaques. Six long blocks to the west stands the Vietnam memorial, the elegiac wall of names created sixty years later by Asian-American designer Maya Ying Lin.

The Vietnam War as America's moment of transition to postmodern culture is caught in Lin's memorial in so many ways. One of its messages: We've lost our faith in the marble shaft of authority. Despite its empathetic and participatory nature, the Vietnam memorial is still the deliberative result of official hierarchies, as the adjoining military statues make clear. The AIDS Quilt project, responding to an unprecedented situation, entirely lacks the centralized vision and apparatus of modern public mourning.

What a brilliant stroke to resusitate an American, women's craft form as the model for this alternative expression of grief. Many AIDS quilters have spoken of the soothing and comfort that come from working with their hands, needles, soft fabrics. But nineteenth-century quilting was also a social activity, and an implicit model for political organization. The politics here have everything to do with names.

The quilt visibly resists the forces that make invisible the lives of those at risk from AIDS. Names and their particularities emanate from the ordinary household objects and upholstery scraps that have been caught up, by surprise as it were, in the quilt. The reverence for names is more than the "democracy of death" sentimentally attributed to every graveyard. As one worker with the NAMES Project said that weekend, "This is more than a quilt—it's a movement."

The movement, of course, is also more than the quilt. On October 11, the first national AIDS civil disobedience action took place in Rockville, Maryland, at the headquarters of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration, where 1,500 demonstrators demanded changes in the byzantine Federal drug policies on AIDS. AIDS political activism is a new phenomenon. ACT NOW, a national coalition of AIDS action groups, is barely a year old. It joins the thousands of organizations in the gay and lesbian movement that, under the impact of the AIDS epidemic, is probably the most vital movement for social change in the country today.

ELINOR FUCHS

Elinor Fuchs is a New York City–based theater critic who teaches in the theater and film studies department at Emory University in Atlanta.

Reversing Brawley

The Tawana Brawley affair eludes all conventional interpretations, even though a New York State grand jury has now found that the black teen-ager was not, as she still claims, abducted and raped by a gang of white men who then wrote racial slurs on her body and smeared her with excrement. The case cannot be measured by legal canons, official justice or received morality, nor can it be resolved by the prosecution of those directly involved in the great public deceit. The authorities, from New York Attorney General Robert Abrams on down, are trained, so to speak, not to understand what is happening; the law must be regarded as sufficient unto itself. The grand jury has responded to the technical questions of the case, weighing the evidence but necessarily blind to its deeper meanings.

In cultural perspective, if not in fact, it doesn't matter whether the crime occurred or not. Tawana Brawley's handlers—the Rev. Al Sharpton and lawyers C. Vernon Mason and Alton Maddox—must know this. They simply reversed the predicament black Americans find all too familiar: the use of false charges to rationalize the maiming and murder of countless blacks in the United States; the mass creation of victims. Tawana Brawley herself has a history of being abused. She understands evasion, the need to dissimulate for the sake of survival, a mark not only of the oppressed but a familiar style in white-collar American society as well.

The crime that did not occur was described with skill and controlled hysteria by the black actors as the epitome of degradation, a repellent model of what actually happens to too many black women. The perpetrators supposedly included more than one white law enforcement officer, also echoing a social fact and creating the occasion for indicting once again the system of white justice. This reversal moved some white officials to suggest that Brawley's advisers were trying to brand New York a racist state, having in mind, of course, the letter of the law and avoiding the reality of black experience, including the contemporary wave of racism and disadvantage that stretches from the grim black ghettos to the mean white streets of Howard Beach, Queens.

Mason, Maddox and Sharpton (the reverend mimicking the emancipatory passion of Martin Luther King Jr.) succeeded in mobilizing black anger—stole it, one might say, and used it for their own notoriety and enhancement. Knowing the law, and the vulnerabilities of their antagonists in the white establishment, they were also able to avoid the immediate grasp of white justice while sheltering the victim and her mother, Glenda Brawley, south of the Mason-Dixon line.

Jesse Jackson and almost all other black leaders, national and local, have tiptoed around the case, conspicuously refraining from criticizing the Brawley advisers and their tactics. These leaders well know that if they speak out in opposition they could be charged with denying the reality of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the rage that Tawana's principal defenders had opportunistically deployed.

What is most remarkable about this faked crime is that traditional victims have re-created themselves as victims in a dreadfully plausible situation. Although oppressors have imprisoned and murdered designated victims throughout history—rationalizing their acts with false charges, fake trials and manufactured evidence—the Brawley case is the opposite and is rare if not unique. It may be asking too much of the white community to excuse the Brawley deceit; but they misunderstand it at their peril.

STANLEY DIAMOND

Stanley Diamond is distinguished professor of anthropology and the humanities in the Graduate Faculty of the New School for Social Research.

UNCIVIL LIBERTIES.

CALVIN TRILLIN

Doubts about whether President Dan Quayle can deal effectively with Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev intensified today after President Quayle interrupted his first superpower summit meeting three times in one day to phone his dad.

White House aides were quick to play down the importance of the calls, which occurred on the second day the two leaders met with no one else present except their interpreters. But few foreign policy specialists were reassured by the White House statement that "President Quayle did what any normal world leader would do." Gorbachev did not call his dad at all.

The question of whether Dan Quayle is up to dealing with Mikhail Gorbachev has, of course, been uppermost in the minds of Washington observers ever since Quayle succeeded to office on the day George Bush resigned to take a job driving an eighteen-wheeler—a career change for Bush that was described by some as the crowning success of his effort to become a regular guy and by others as "some serious overcompensation for the wimp thing."

It is unclear how effective Bush himself would have been at a summit with Gorbachev. While he was Vice President, Bush had been given the opportunity to spend a few moments with the General Secretary during the Reagan-Gorbachev summit in Washington. The two men reportedly got along well, although Soviet diplomats have indicated that Gorbachev remains puzzled by what the then-Vice President said to him: "Hi, guy. Where'd you prep?"

There is now some speculation in Washington, though, that the Bush resignation was brought on partly by the approach of the summit. Apparently, what began as a simple habit Bush had of emphasizing his common touch by dropping the "g" at the end of "-ing" words when talking to blue-collar audiences ("he's a liberal comin' out of nowhere") had been carried to the point of becoming a serious handicap to communication.

The progressive nature of Bush's habit was first noticed in a speech on September 6, 1988, to a factory audience in Oregon. In talking about the effect of inflation on personal savings, he said that inflation could eat up "a guy's savin'"—dropping not only a "g" but also an "s." People who worked in the Bush White House now say that the reason Bush almost never spoke in public during the last few weeks of his Administration was that the letter-dropping had gradually progressed, letter by letter, to the point at which he would have had to face Gorbachev with a limited number of nouns and virtually no verbs at his disposal.

Whatever the reason for Bush's resignation, there was widespread feeling in Washington that it should have meant the postponement of this summit. Quayle was faced not only with the sudden assumption of the burdens of the presidency but also with a number of rumors in Washington that we now know were not true. Apparently, the wealthy Indiana newspaper family that Quayle comes from did not, in fact, arrange for the trucking job that supposedly lured Bush from the White House, although the "two or three routine calls" they acknowledge making may have had something to do with his getting the coveted Worcester-Spartanburg run. Apparently, the Soviet ambassador to the United Nations did not ask his American counterpart, "What does it mean when it's said in English someone 'doesn't have a whole lot upstairs'?"

What concerns American observers at the summit about the calls to the senior Quayle is the possibility that they were not, in fact, calls for advice or assistance. Some people see the calls as confirmation of a disturbing rumor regarding the still-secret summit negotiations. They believe that Quayle may be trying to explain to his family how, after the first day of one-on-one discussions, Gorbachev somehow ended up with not only Alaska but also controlling interest in the *Indianapolis Star*.

Oddly enough, the incident that American observers found most disturbing was apparently the President's most effective move, according to the Soviet camp. After the first day of the summit, Quayle, to the astonishment of American reporters, managed to repeat, word for word, what he had said on September 8, 1988, in Chicago, when he deviated from his prepared text during a speech on defense policy: "Bobby Knight told me this: 'There is nothing that a good defense cannot beat a better offense.' In other words, a good offense wins."

Apparently, the Russians were so baffled by this statement that they were temporarily thrown off stride. Some Soviet journalists sought out their American colleagues for clarification, and then gathered around the American interpreter to ask precisely what it means when it's said in English that someone "doesn't have a whole lot upstairs."

Copyright © 1988 by Calvin Trillin. Distributed by King Features Syndicate.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

"In judging a regime," Palmiro Togliatti once remarked to Ignazio Silone, "it is very important to know what it finds amusing." Consider, then, the answer given by Ronald Wilson Reagan to a questioner on Tuesday, October 4. In the wake of the release of Mithileshwar Singh from captivity in Beirut, Reagan was asked if he thought that "terrorists" were trying to use hostages to manipulate the U.S. electoral process. With the celebrated combination of brainless smirk and silly shrug, he said, "Well, if they are, I hope they're on the right side."

You can examine this response from a number of standpoints. See how it fits, for instance, with Reagan's well-advertised compassion for the remaining hostages and their families. Or look at it from the perspective of Dr. Sigmund Freud. Reagan's mind may be a howling wilderness, but it can be observed to react to certain promptings and stimuli. What can have induced him, even in sickly jest, to make a quip/slip to the effect that "terrorists" can be on the "right" side in an American election?

Over the past month or so, the 1980 "October surprise" hypothesis has been striving to reach critical mass in the mainstream media. It is the story that everyone has heard and that no one wants to print.

Most editors and reporters hesitate to pursue the October surprise because of the absence of what is tiresomely called a "smoking gun." The failure of this bizarre weapon to turn up, you will remember, convinced many people that there was no direct link between President Reagan's known wishes and his subordinates' zeal in carrying them out. So in the present case; there is no parchment upon which senior Reagan-Bush campaign managers inscribed their intention of rigging an election, protracting the captivity of the hostages and opening an arms bazaar with the Ayatollah in payment for the consequent destruction of Jimmy Carter. I somehow doubt that one will show up.

This is a culture that uses the word "hypothetical" as a term of contempt. Now, though a hypothesis may be a groundless assumption, it also has the nobler definition of "supposition made as basis for reasoning" or "starting point for investigation." The mind, like the press, is, or should be, more than a passive receptacle of "facts."

Another irritating standby of those who will not even ask the question is the wised-up condescension toward "conspiracy theories." This, with its attribution of paranoia, is intended to show that the speaker cannot be fooled. But surely the speaker cannot mean that there is no such thing as "conspiracy"? To conspire is literally to "breathe together"; there is nothing automatically pejorative in the word. There are, however, such things as secret or covert agreements, and very often there is a pressing reason for the secrecy. A truly naïve person would be somebody who doubted the existence of conspiracy.

With these distinctions and reservations in mind, consider the sworn evidence given in the Federal District Court in Denver on September 23, before Judge Jim R. Carrigan. The witness is one Richard Brenneke, and the defendant is Heinreich Rupp, a pilot accused of bank fraud. Brenneke is being questioned by Assistant U.S. Attorney Thomas O'Rourke:

> O'ROURKE: The gist of your testimony about the several meetings—three meetings in October, in Paris, was—is that the Reagan campaign was attempting, unofficially, to negotiate the release of the American hostages in Iran. Is that right?
>
> BRENNEKE: That's correct.
>
> O'ROURKE: And that they were also attempting to delay the release of those hostages until after the Presidential election of 1980; is that what you are saying?
>
> BRENNEKE: Yes, sir, that's correct.
>
> O'ROURKE: Do you know that because you were involved in the meetings at which those matters were discussed?
>
> BRENNEKE: Yes, sir.

Brenneke had already testified that "the purpose of the meetings was to negotiate . . . but also to discuss—if the negotiations were successful—to discuss the means by which the terms that were agreed to would be—would be dealt with, how we would go about satisfying everybody involved."

Richard Brenneke is known all over Washington, by press and Congressional investigators, as a man with alarming sources of knowledge. He is a professional arms dealer and has been, at the very least, a "consultant" to the C.I.A. He testified extensively in closed sessions of the Tower commission, Senator John Kerry's narcotics investigation and the Iran/*contra* committees' hearings. His evidence has often been vindicated by later findings—especially on matters relating to the use of the arms trade as a form of covert action. There are those who suspect that he has mixed disinformation into his factual disclosures, but in both the Iranian and the Nicaraguan aspects of the Iran/*contra* scandal he has furnished checkable and original material. (After all, John Dean was also a tainted witness.) Strenuous efforts have been made by C.I.A. spokesmen, who normally "never confirm or deny," to assassinate his character. Why should the agency go to this trouble?

More, why should Brenneke go to so much trouble to get into trouble, and to claim that he and his old friend Rupp (who he says flew William Casey to the Paris meeting) are actually party to one of the major pieces of skullduggery in our times? I do think that his testimony deserves to be reported, and I also can't resist quoting the astonishment of the Honorable Jim R. Carrigan, who said:

> Is there anything new in any of this? It's all been charged before, hasn't it, publicly? These are all matters that have been publicly stated before, haven't they, gentlemen—not to me—I don't—maybe I don't understand. I thought the newspapers had covered all these charges, and the Congressional investigations had covered them, and so forth.

The good judge is not alone in thinking that justice has *already* been done, and been seen to be done. But to think that, you really do have to be able to believe anything.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTICLES.

PATRIOTS AND PIG BONES

The P.O.W./M.I.A. Rescue Hustle

ALAN PELL CRAWFORD

Navy Captain Eugene (Red) McDaniel is getting to be something of a regular on *The Morton Downey Jr. Show*, albeit one who seems more than somewhat out of place. Courtly, soft-spoken, altogether well behaved, he waits his turn to speak, raises his hand to get his host's attention, neither screams nor slobbers and rarely, if ever, threatens to beat the bejabbers out of those with whom he disagrees. Still and all, "Cap'n Red," for six years a prisoner of war in Vietnam, does have his moments.

On an appearance last July, McDaniel read a letter he had sent that very day, informing President Reagan that Jane Fonda, "if asked, is willing to help you" obtain the release of Americans held prisoner in Southeast Asia, and urging him to dispatch her, forthwith, to Hanoi. There, McDaniel explained, she could use her considerable influence with Communists to "persuade" them to let our people go. What the President makes of this notion is anybody's guess; Downey, sporting an "I Ain't Fonda Hanoi Jane" sweatshirt, considers it a splendid idea. If she would undertake such a mission, Downey says, he'd "be more than willing" to forgive her. Whether the trip would accomplish anything beyond Fonda's redemption is another question.

For years, activists like Cap'n Red have been trying to locate and rescue the "hundreds" of Americans they insist are held in Southeast Asia internment camps. They've been unsuccessful because the prisoners of war who did not return in 1973 have probably long since perished. This is a fact neither the P.O.W. lobby nor Reagan will face, allowing the families of the 2,500 Vietnam-era Americans listed as missing in action to believe, against all evidence, that their loved ones are alive. In 1983 the President said that he considers return of the prisoners "the highest national priority," and, with such encouragement, the P.O.W. lobby has run amok. Its activities, which range from shameless fund-raising to illegal forays across borders, have disrupted official efforts to recover remains and exploited families of the M.I.A.s.

Ironically enough, their efforts have intensified just as diplomatic initiatives have begun to pay off. In early October, Vietnam allowed U.S. officials to comb the countryside for the first time, and searchers retrieved two sets of human remains, one of which they think may be an American's.

Appointing Jane Fonda as a Reagan envoy makes as much sense as McDaniel's Home Free! project, which seeks to raise $1 billion in pledges to be paid as reward money to the first Southeast Asian to escape with an American prisoner. In September 1987, Billy Hendon, a former U.S. Representative who works with McDaniel, went to Thailand to release balloons that included notices of the reward. When the Thai government told him he could not, he packed the fliers into sandwich bags and floated them down the Mekong River. The reward money notion seems to be catching on. Laotian police arrested two Americans early this month who said they represented the "National Steering Committee for American War Veterans" and that they were in Laos to advertise their own $2.4 million pot for P.O.W. rescuers.

Former Representative John LeBoutillier, who runs a tax-exempt operation called Skyhook II, isn't waiting for the P.O.W.s to return to dole out dollars. He says his organization distributes "about $10,000" each month to its operatives in Southeast Asia. At this stage the money is used to locate P.O.W.s. Ultimately, it will bribe their captors to release them, which can be accomplished for "$2 million to $5 million."

Jack Bailey of Operation Rescue takes yet a different tack. A retired Air Force colonel, Bailey is the skipper of a ship, the Akuna, that rescues Vietnamese refugees. Those refugees, Bailey claims, provide intelligence about P.O.W.s that will in time lead to their release. Bailey says he spends "every nickel I can keep my hands on" to keep the Akuna afloat, which must mean he carries a lot of loose change. Operating the boat costs "over $20,000 a month," its skipper announced back in 1983. The figure rose to "over $40,000 a month" the next year.

There are problems with Bailey's stories, as there are with those of other P.O.W. activists. He says the Akuna has been "patrolling South China seas—saving lives—since 1979," but local fishermen call it "the ship that never sails." In November 1984, claiming he had evidence of P.O.W.s, he delivered to the U.S. Joint Casualty Resolution Center a dog tag and what he said were the remains of three Americans. The Central Identification Laboratory, however, said that what Bailey had given it was "a mixture of commingled human and nonhuman (pig bone fragments)," which precluded "an identification of race data," and that "no association could be made to the dog tag provided or to any missing American."

Whatever else P.O.W. hunting may be, it is a sure-fire moneymaker. The American Defense Institute, Captain McDaniel's umbrella organization, operated on $53,000 when it began in 1983, but raised $1.85 million in 1987. In 1983 and 1984, Skyhook II used tape-recorded telephone messages in which Charlton Heston asked Americans to send money; they brought in, LeBoutillier recalls, "several hundred thousand" dollars. Though it cost more than that to conduct the campaign, LeBoutillier says he did "get a lot of names from that project," and those now bring in "about $500,000 a year."

Alan Pell Crawford, the author of Thunder on the Right: The New Right and the Politics of Resentment *(Pantheon), is a private investigator with Internal Affairs Inc. of Alexandria, Virginia.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

While direct mail or telephone solicitation is effective, person-to-person persuasion rakes in the dollars too. Former Green Beret James (Bo) Gritz, who claims the Pentagon once asked him to lead a covert mission to find P.O.W.s and has attempted three cross-border forays of his own in Southeast Asia, convinced George Brooks, whose son disappeared in 1970, to put up more than a year's salary to bankroll one of his rescue raids. The family of Air Force Lieut. Morgan Donahue, lost in 1968, has spent what Donahue's brother Jeff says is "a fortune, literally," to find the pilot. Instead, they've found a black market in gruesome relics—dog tags, animal bones and blurry snapshots—proffered by what Donahue calls "the worst type of people on this planet." He says they will "disinter a body of a pilot and inject water under a finger with a hypodermic. And roll a fingerprint and bring it out to a grieving wife or mother or whatever and say, 'Here's proof that your father, son, husband, brother or whatever is alive and in captivity.'"

Morgan and Jeff's father, Vincent Donahue, who is close to Cap'n Red, held a press conference in September 1987 to claim the two had evidence that Morgan is being held in Laos. Pentagon investigators viewed this report as they do most such pronouncements: The Defense Intelligence Agency (D.I.A.) says McDaniel's evidence is inconclusive and contradictory and "nothing can be verified or substantiated." The agency also notes that fliers seeking information about Morgan have circulated "for many years." Refugees, aware of the family's willingness to pay for information, have been only too happy to oblige.

Even so, Cap'n Red took the opportunity to kick off a fund-raising campaign in which he claimed that he had obtained "hard evidence" that Donahue "recently risked his life to send us a signal that he is still alive." LeBoutillier's direct mail letters are similarly explicit:

> Starved and clad only in filthy rags, American soldiers and airmen are kept chained in tiny bamboo cages . . . made to work like animals pulling heavy plows . . . forced to toil from daybreak to nightfall in steaming tropic heat . . . kicked and beaten constantly for their guards' amusement.

Reviewing such fund drives, the D.I.A. found they include "little or no substantive data which would lend itself to serious intelligence analysis," but instead are "rambling discourses filled with inflammatory rhetoric." While the approaches in these letters vary, they all share some common themes, "one of the strongest being that the organization is on the verge of rescuing a [P.O.W.], and if the recipient does not send money promptly, American servicemen will die."

Skyhook II's LeBoutillier even tells his marks how the men are to be rescued:

> Late one evening, as prison-camp guards kick and flog a group of our boys along the trail back to their cages, the last few Communists in line might be swiftly and quietly dragged into the jungle. Then, a few seconds later, the bedraggled American P.O.W.'s they were guarding might also vanish suddenly from the rear of the plodding group. The Americans, of course, would now be in friendly hands. (We won't talk about the guards' fate.) In a matter of just a day or two, the rescued Americans would be smuggled across the border to our SKYHOOK II Project group in Thailand. . . .
>
> In just a few weeks—for a relatively few thousands of dollars—six, ten, perhaps dozens of these abused and forgotten American servicemen could be brought back to America *and allowed to tell their story to the world!* [Emphasis in original.]

There are good reasons Americans are suckers for such stuff. After the P.O.W.s came home fifteen years ago, many families of the M.I.A.s feared that their fellow citizens, eager to put the war behind them, would soon forget the soldiers who remained behind. They felt exploited by the Administrations of both Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon during the war, and grew cynical about whatever the government told them regarding their missing relatives. The endless trickle of reports of Westerners in Southeast Asia—Americans who, listed as M.I.A.s, might in fact be P.O.W.s—only contributed to the widespread distrust. Finally, the desire of right-wingers like LeBoutillier to reclaim America's "lost honor" by rescuing P.O.W.s plays to a thwarted patriotism.

Besides dog tags and pig bones, there are the "live sightings," none of which have withstood serious examination. As Lieut. Gen. James Williams, a former D.I.A. director, told Congress, "A lot of these people who talk about live sightings say they have seen an individual who was a Caucasian, who they think was an American, who was white, who looked like he was under guard. . . . Sometimes sources can't pin down exactly where they were, and can't remember the date of observation."

In January 1986, the Defense Department reported that there had been 806 reports of firsthand, live sightings in Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia since 1975. Some of these reported sightings, however, took place well before 1975

DRAWINGS BY MONICA INCISA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and in no way constituted new evidence. One-third of them, in fact, occurred before Saigon fell. "Only one first-hand case reporting a sighting of Americans in captivity since 1980 is unsolved," says Commodore Thomas Brooks, another former D.I.A. official, adding that there has not been a new one in more than three years.

Of the original 806 live sightings, the Pentagon found, 24 percent (about 194) are "known or suspected fabrications" and 64 percent (about 517) have been correlated to Americans who have since returned and are thus accounted for. That leaves 12 percent, or about 95 reports; 47 of those were of men who appeared to be Americans but did not seem to be prisoners and 48 involved men who appeared to be Americans under guard. Those not under guard, Brooks says, "could be Soviet advisers, West European diplomats or press or other Caucasians." They could also be defectors. No one disputes that many non-Asians now live in Southeast Asia; some of them, according to Congressional testimony, "simply walked away from their units to live with tribes in the mountains, or became addicted to drugs and stayed behind after the American departure." McDaniel suggests there may be "eighteen or nineteen" of these.

The numbers do not add up. As already stated, some 2,500 Americans are designated as missing in action. Before the fall of Saigon, however, the Pentagon listed only 800 as either P.O.W.s or M.I.A.s. After the war, those killed in action but whose bodies were not returned (those designated K.I.A./B.N.R.) were added, bringing the total to 1,180. More than 430 of the K.I.A./B.N.R.s were pilots whose planes were shot down over water and are considered nonrecoverable. In another 647 cases, a "presumptive finding of death" was made at the time the servicemen disappeared. Well over half—more than 1,900—are therefore known or presumed to be dead. This leaves fewer than 600 who, theoretically, might be alive.

That number, too, is inflated. The House Select Committee on Missing Persons in Southeast Asia, noting that 81 percent of M.I.A.s were airmen, concluded that the circumstances of their disappearance indicate that the "possibility [of any of them surviving] is very slight." A pilot lucky enough to parachute to the ground was more likely to survive if captured than if left on his own. Marine Lieut. Pat Caruthers, who headed the corps' survival training program, says a soldier who got lost on the ground faced such severe difficulties that safe return to his unit was highly unlikely. Some 10 percent of those who were captured died in captivity. How many more perished before entering the prison gulag is unknown. Navy Commander George Coker, a former P.O.W. himself, told Congress that "maybe 3, 4, 5 percent" of prisoners either committed suicide, quit eating or stopped attending to their hygiene and died.

Vietnam's record of returning the remains of U.S. servicemen—three one year, two the next, and whenever it suited that government's diplomatic ends—suggests that Hanoi has systematically warehoused the remains of American servicemen. In 1980, the D.I.A. investigated a Vietnamese refugee's claim that he had prepared the bodies of more than 400 Americans that were then stored in a former P.O.W. camp and concluded that the man's story was accurate.

Start subtracting these sums from the 2,500 figure, and the bottom line is pretty obvious: There are precious few, if any, Americans left to rescue, and nothing like the "several hundreds" McDaniel refers to in a recent Home Free! flier.

To think the prisoners are there, one must believe that, of the 200 or so who theoretically could be alive, every last one in fact is—and has managed to survive under what McDaniel, LeBoutillier and others describe as almost unbearably brutal conditions. None of which perturbs McDaniel in the least. "Of course the conditions are brutal," Cap'n Red responds, "which is why we don't have a moment to waste." □

A DUKAKIS OPPORTUNITY

George Bush's Regulatory Flop

MARK GREEN AND MARK A. PINSKY

When Ronald Reagan finally attempted to answer the question "Where was George?" he proudly told the Republican National Convention that George had "headed up the task force that eliminated . . . regulations." The next day Michael Dukakis could have seized on this hollow boast. For while Republicans love to exploit the abstraction of "regulation," Dukakis should be running hard against the reality of George Bush sabotaging one life-saving law after another.

One of the President's first acts after taking office was to create the Presidential Task Force on Regulatory Relief—chaired by Bush—to overhaul all the regulatory agencies Reagan had denounced for two decades as threats to personal freedom and economic growth. Murray Weidenbaum, an economic adviser to the President at the time, offered the anti-regulation war cry: Don't just do something, stand there.

Dutifully, George Bush did precisely that. Now, as he campaigns for the White House invoking a "kinder, gentler nation," his Democratic opponent ought to be reminding voters how the Bush task force's assault on health standards have hurt children:

§ In the late 1970s, a brand of infant formula disabled thousands of babies because it lacked chloride, a mineral essential to mental and physical growth. As a result, in 1980 Congress passed the Infant Formula Act. Yet the Regulatory Relief Task Force delayed mandatory minimum nutrition standards for infant formula for fifteen months, until a second formula scandal forced its hand. Only then did it release weak rules, which protected not infants but the formula industry.

§ The task force rejected the advice of government scien-

Mark Green and Mark A. Pinsky are the president and executive director, respectively, of the Democracy Project, a research institute in New York City. This winter it will publish Transition '89: Blueprints for America.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

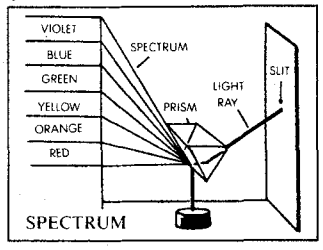
The price of looking it up just went *down*!

While most unabridged dictionaries sell for as much as $80, this 2,300-page *Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary* can be yours for a fraction of its original price. Through a special arrangement with the publisher, Barnes & Noble can offer this distinguished dictionary with a publisher's list price of $79.95 at a 75% savings. That's $60 off the original price! Now more than ever, the time is right to make this superb dictionary your first choice—at home, in the office or the classroom. Just look at what the *Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary* contains: • Over 320,000 Definitions • More than 3,000 Illustrations • Thumb-Indexed Format

Over 320,000 Definitions

The *Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary* boasts extensive coverage of the English language, defining common and obscure words, words used in other centuries and words that reflect the rapid advances in science, technology, medicine, and changes in the syntax and idiom of American speech. As a result, the several hundred thousand vocabulary entries in this impressive dictionary include virtually all the words a heavy reader will ever need to look up.

More Than 3,000 Illustrations



The *Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary* is strong on visuals, too. More than three thousand finely detailed and captioned drawings have been carefully selected to show the function, relative size, or appearance of the object you're looking up. These illustrations and 16 pages of full-color maps help make the *Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary* a fun, visually exciting learning experience, especially for children.

Plus: 19 Supplements

Other dictionaries may contain a few supplements, but the *Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary* has over 150 pages of specialized information for every interest. And thumb-indexing makes information easy to access. Here are just some of the categories and features included:

- 16 pages of Full-Color maps
- Dictionaries of the Bible, Myths, and Fiction
- A Dictionary of Commonly Used Abbreviations
- Dictionaries of Biography
- Commonly Used Financial and Commercial Terms
- A Dictionary of Foreign Words and Phrases.

Thumb-Indexed for Easy Reference

While other large dictionaries use eye-straining type, this dictionary features good-sized print, with defined words standing out clearly in boldface. And its 2300 pages are thumb-indexed for handy reference. The *Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary* provides a scholarly but practical reference for the general public, and Barnes & Noble, the world's largest bookstore, makes it available at an unbeatably low price.

$19.95 Is An Unbeatable Value!

An *unabridged* dictionary that sells for $19.95 is a rare find. Add to that our unconditional guarantee and you really do have an irresistible offer!!

Barnes & Noble Unconditional Guarantee
You must be completely satisfied with every item you order from Barnes & Noble by mail, or you may return it to us, for a full refund.

• CREDIT CARD CUSTOMERS CALL TOLL FREE •

1-800-228-3535
24 HOURS—7 DAYS A WEEK

IN NEBRASKA
1-800-642-9606

Barnes & Noble
Booksellers Since 1873

DEPT. B-231
126 FIFTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, NY 10011

0262709. Please rush me ___ copies of the Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary at your special sale price of $19.95 (plus $3.50 shipping & insurance per volume.) MA, PA, NY, MN and NJ residents: Please add sales tax.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ APT. # ____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

METHOD OF PAYMENT

☐ AMERICAN EXPRESS ☐ CHECK OR MONEY ORDER

☐ MASTERCARD ☐ VISA ☐ DINERS CLUB

CREDIT CARD NUMBER _____ CARD EXPIRES MO. ____ YR. ____

SIGNATURE _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HILL AND WANG, THE NATION AND THE NEW SCHOOL

present

THREE POISON PENS: What's Left of Left Journalism?

An evening with:

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS
Columnist, *The Nation*; author of *Prepared for the Worst*

JESSICA MITFORD
Author of *Poison Penmanship*

ROBERT SCHEER
National correspondent, *Los Angeles Times*; author of *Thinking Tuna Fish, Talking Death: Essays on the Pornography of Power*

■

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 8 PM

■

THE NEW SCHOOL
Bernhard Mayer Auditorium
66 West 12th Street
New York City

FREE ADMISSION
(First come, first served basis)

FOR INFORMATION CALL:
(212) 242-8400, ext. 47

tists that it warn parents of the correlation between aspirin and Reyes syndrome in children, a sometimes fatal condition striking the liver and brain. When Richard Schweiker, then-Secretary of Health and Human Services, at last proposed that warning labels be put on aspirin bottles in 1982, industry appeals to the White House killed the plan, according to a *Wall Street Journal* investigation. Dr. Sidney Wolfe of Public Citizen's Health Research Group estimates that the unlabeled aspirin bottles could cause hundreds of deaths and countless more injuries annually.

If Bush can run against furloughed felon Willie Horton, why isn't Dukakis running TV spots showing children retarded because of deficient infant formula? Horton is a false measure of street crime, but these children are a real measure of suite crime.

Like so many initiatives in Reagan's "popcorn presidency," the idea of deregulation contained just a kernel of truth and a lot of hot air. The kernel was that regulation poorly carried out can waste money; the hot air was to assume that it is *always* poorly carried out. In fact, health and safety regulations usually save lives and dollars by deterring corporate abuse, which is why they were established in the first place. A 1980 survey of the economic literature by the Corporate Accountability Research Group found that the potential benefits of life-saving regulation total $226 billion, versus Murray Weidenbaum's guesstimate that regulatory costs add up to $31.4 billion.

That's why Bush's effort crashed headlong into a brick wall of interested constituencies—not "special interests," but private citizens and institutions who want government to protect them from unnecessary hazards and risks. While Americans instinctively recoil from the Orwellian image of big government, they also deeply believe in laws and regulations that preserve their drinking water, ban dangerous drugs, reduce workplace injuries and deter price-fixing.

As a result, the Administration failed to push through Congress a single major change in regulatory law, failed to eliminate the Consumer Product Safety Commission (C.P.S.C.), failed to gut the Clean Air Act, failed to upend the Delaney clause prohibiting carcinogens in food and suffered a stunning 9-0 Supreme Court defeat when it tried to eliminate a Carter Administration standard requiring "passive restraints" (air bags) in automobiles. Stymied by Congress and the courts, the Administration instead threw monkey wrenches into the gears of health and safety agencies.

First, Reagan appointed scores of officials who either didn't believe in their missions or placed personal interests above the public interest: Thomas Roberts, a commissioner of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, leaked confidential materials to a nuclear utility under investigation by the N.R.C.'s safety staff. The Occupational Safety and Health Administration director, Thorne Auchter, who had been an OSHA violator before his appointment, so trusted business leaders that he allowed them to police themselves under an honor system. Legal Services Corporation chair William Harvey considered the public till his due, repeatedly submitting extraordinarily high expense reports and arranging for the government to pay for his country club member-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ship [see Frank Donner and James Ledbetter, "Deregulation by Sleaze," *The Nation*, February 6].

Second, budgets for regulatory agencies were cut so grossly that, like a runner denied oxygen, inspection and enforcement predictably slowed down. The C.P.S.C., for example, took a 25 percent cut in Reagan's first full budget. The Environmental Protection Agency budget fell by a third just when its statutory responsibilities were increasing. The Federal Trade Commission dropped from having a $76.5 million budget and a staff of some 1,700 in 1980 to $52 million (both expressed in 1982 dollars) and less than 1,000 employees in 1988.

Third, the White House usurped authority from regulatory agencies and concentrated it in the Office of Management and Budget, which required all proposed rules to pass cost-benefit and political ideology tests and then used those tests as tools to weaken or eliminate agency initiatives.

George Bush's campaign silence on his most significant assignment of the past eight years is a hint of his vulnerability on this issue. Further evidence: When Dan Quayle claimed during the recent vice-presidential debate to have a "very strong record" on environmental protection, the audience instinctively laughed. There are five reasons why Bush's regulatory record would be a political plus for Dukakis:

Public Support. Polls throughout the Reagan-Bush reign showed consistently strong support for health and safety regulation. In a poll published by *Time* this fall, approximately three-quarters of Americans supported increased taxes to fund environmental protection. Even delegates to the Republican National Convention favored government action on acid rain (by a 76 percent to 14 percent margin). A May 1987 Harris poll found that a majority of Americans believe deregulation has weakened job safety, environmental quality and product safety.

Regulation Works. Consider the typical middle-class family. Its recently built home is free of the once-popular but hazardous formaldehyde insulation because the Consumer Product Safety Commission, responding to thousands of complaints, warned homebuilders and homeowners of carcinogenic effects. Its children sleep in pajamas free of TRIS phosphate, a known cancer-causing, flame-retarding agent that textile manufacturers used until it was banned in 1977. On its breakfast table, the cereal boxes present nutritional information in compliance with the Food Packaging and Labeling Act of 1966.

Driving the kids to school is safer because of head restraints, laminated windows to prevent shattering glass from flying around and modified steering columns to prevent driver impalement, all mandated by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration. The E.P.A.'s clean air standards have reduced ambient lead levels significantly by limiting auto emissions, and its regulations on asbestos in schools slowly are eliminating this deadly hazard. At work, the parents are protected from exposure to dangerous levels of toxic chemicals under standards set by OSHA.

The afternoon M&Ms snack is now free of red dye No. 2, a carcinogen outlawed by the 1958 Delaney clause. Din-

GRASSROOTS PLAN™

Political & Legislative Action Network

Affordable Computer Software for Unions

A dramatic new tool to move unions into the 21st century!

The first computer program designed to help unions level the playing field with corporate America!

— — — — — —

***Grassroots PLAN* enables your union to:**

- **Motivate members** to sign up for a unique grassroots action network, based on the specific legislative issues, political campaigns and other grassroots activities each member is interested in.
- **Selectively and personally alert** members whenever an issue or campaign they care about needs attention -- telling them the name, address and phone number of their legislator or campaign coordinator to contact.
- **Automatically identify** members' federal, state, municipal, and other legislative districts based on their zip codes or precinct numbers.
- **Effortlessly maintain** your union's mailing lists and easily communicate with members, legislators, outside organizations and others.
- **Store and instantly tabulate** legislators' "right" and "wrong" voting records, members' political action contributions, and other useful information.
- **Plus many other** unique and powerful features to increase your union's clout!

— — — — — —

Grassroots PLAN is easy to learn and use on your IBM or compatible computer, and conveniently exchanges data with most popular computer programs.

Grassroots PLAN is particularly well suited for statewide and multi-union councils. Software customizing, staff training, and assistance in developing grass roots action programs are also available. For more information, contact:

Jeffrey S. Pector, in association with the
LABOR RESEARCH GROUP, INC.
346 Grand Avenue #301, Oakland, CA 94610 415-834-9350

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ner—hamburgers and salad—is relatively free of chemicals once used without restriction to fatten cows and protect growing vegetables from insects. After dinner, parents need not fear that their baby will slip its head between the slats of its crib and choke to death, because the C.P.S.C. established safety standards after a rash of such tragedies.

Cost-Benefit Analysis. Despite the fact that Federal courts have rejected its use in a number of cases, the cost-benefit test remains this Administration's most common arbiter of practical utility, even though it's a sham. There is no reliable method for quantifying many benefits—and without half the equation, a cost-benefit test is worthless. For example, what is the value of a clear view across the Grand Canyon? How much is a saved life worth? After eight years of trying to answer the latter question, the Administration has failed to derive a figure it can use consistently in its formulas: Clayton Gillette of Boston University School of Law and Thomas Hopkins of the Rochester Institute of Technology recently reported wide discrepancies among Federal agencies, ranging from a low of $400,000 per life (the Environmental Protection Agency) to $132 million (the Office of Management and Budget). Such disparate valuations of human beings can lead to the political manipulation of regulatory policy. Moreover, it's the regulated companies that provide most cost-benefit data. They obviously have an interest in overstating projected costs and downplaying possible benefits. For example, although the auto industry has claimed that air bags cost $1,100 per car to produce, in mass production that figure in fact drops to $185.

The Bush Task Force Failed. The Administration's regulatory relief effort has been rejected by the courts and Congress. In August, not for the first time, a Federal court rejected O.M.B.'s use of the Paperwork Reduction Act—requiring O.M.B. review of regulatory recommendations—to alter the substance of proposals. And as far back as 1981, the Supreme Court rejected O.M.B.'s attempts to apply the cost-benefit test to an OSHA safety standard for cotton dust. Congress overwhelmingly turned down White House proposals to cut funding for and weaken enforcement of the Clean Air Act and Superfund.

The statistics on paperwork that Reagan and Bush like to recite should be viewed with suspicion, since they represent not streamlined but passive government. And while no one enjoys filling out forms, reliable data is a prerequisite for efficient government. The eight hours each American taxpayer spent, on average, completing 1987 tax forms is justified not only by the need for accurate bookkeeping but also by the government's need for information with which it makes policy. Could we do away with annual Treasury Department economic reports?

Business Support for Regulation. The backlash against deregulation comes not only from traditionally liberal groups but also from, for example, the chemical and banking industries. Because so many states and localities are filling the regulatory void, often with overlapping or conflicting rules, businesses now are asking the Federal government to reassert its authority. As the *National Journal* recently reported, "Parts of the business community and countless trade associations have decided that Washington regulations aren't so bad after all."

So where's Michael Dukakis? Protecting innocent children from business fraud is consistent with his emphasis on health issues, and could expose Bush's Achilles' heel in the debate on who's tougher on crime. Based on a record Bush can't deny (as with Iran/*contra* and Noriega), Dukakis can nail him as an Ayn Rand reactionary who gets lachrymose and "haunted" about children in poverty but whose laissez-faire philosophy would reject child labor laws and premarket testing of drugs if they came up again for approval. Rather than shying away from the R-word because it has been rhetorically linked to the L-word, Dukakis should be reminding voters about all the things smart government has done for them. Electorally, Ralph Nader beats Ayn Rand. □

THE CUTTING EDGE

A Report From Turtle Island

KIRKPATRICK SALE

A movement is, of course, supposed to be more than its constituent parts, but what struck me most about the bioregional movement, as evidenced recently by its third North American congress, was the strength and scope of the disparate organizations and causes that make it up. The parts were even more than the whole.

Not that the movement, or at least the organized expression of it, is negligible. It already reaches pretty far across the continent—known as Turtle Island in bioregional parlance, following an old Indian legend—and was able to draw to the congress some 350 participants, from Maine to Mexico, Cascadia to the Carolinas, this time meeting in the far reaches of western Canada, north of Squamish, British Columbia, in what the locals call the Ish bioregion.

The movement has also established in the past four years a basic set of precepts, agreed to by consensus, covering everything from sustainable agriculture ("Halt all use of toxic pesticides and herbicides") to education ("Stress rapport with animals and plants"), from urbanization ("Cities [must] achieve maximum self-reliance and integration within their bioregions") to Indians ("Indigenous peoples are a primary source of knowledge as to how to successfully live bioregionally"), from economics ("Balance between individual freedom, social equity, and responsibility to the web of life") to water ("Dilution is not the solution to pollution . . . zero waste discharge").

The movement has published a directory of some 100 bioregional organizations and a bibliography of essential books and magazines, and at the congress in August set up a new information clearinghouse (Turtle Island Office, 1333 Overhulse Road NE, Olympia WA 98502), a regular triannual newsletter (published from California with rotating editors),

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a skills exchange for sharing bioregional expertise, and a mail-order bookstore for bioregional and related literature. (For those to whom this still may be a foreign concept, a "bioregion" is simply that part of the earth defined by nature instead of legislature, distinguished by its common characteristics of climate, rocks, flora, fauna, wind and water systems and the like—a watershed, for instance, or a desert; "bioregionalism" is the attempt to make those into autonomous and self-consciously ecological units.)

Impressive as the movement is, it was the variety and range of its constituents represented at the congress, the stretch of its net, as it were, that seemed to me to suggest its greatest promise.

To begin with, there were the groups organized in and for individual bioregions—in the Ozarks, for example, and in the Kansas watershed, the Hudson Valley, the Pacific Cascades, the southern Appalachians and the northern Texas prairie, among others. A number of these have had successful minicongresses within their areas, such as the Ozarks Area Community Congress (whose eighth gathering was held last fall), the Bioregional Congress of Cascadia (gatherings in 1986 and 1988) and the Congress of Texas Bioregions (meetings in 1987 and 1988), suggesting that they are filling a real need.

Then there were the amazingly diverse organizations that have directly aligned themselves with the bioregional movement, not only as sponsors of the biannual congresses but as providers of talent, resources, support and dollars. A protean lot, and by no means all environmental, either: the E.F. Schumacher Society in Massachusetts, for example, and the Chinook Learning Center in the state of Washington, the School of Living in Pennsylvania and the Fourth World Assembly of London, the Rural Network of Wisconsin and the Elmwood Institute in California, and at least three dozen other serious, established groups.

But the most striking and encouraging aspect of the congress was the participation of those who came representing the surprisingly large number of organizations of all different kinds and sizes that are at work now trying to protect the earth in its hour of greatest crisis. They were poets (yes, published) and farmers, entrepreneurs and teachers, scientists and musicians, carpenters and town planners and publishers and folks who press their various causes out of basements and storefronts across the country.

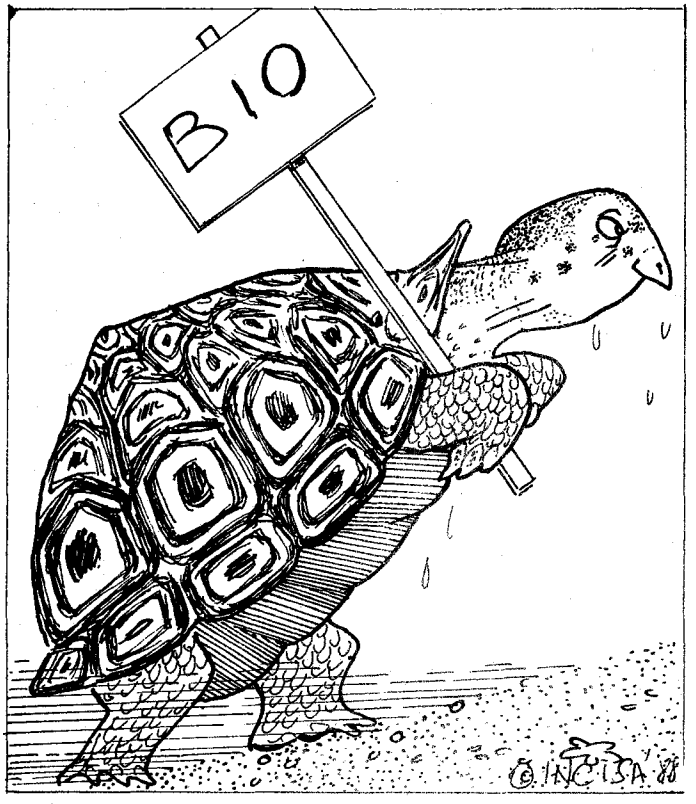
There was, for example, the woman from the National Water Center of Eureka Springs, Arkansas. Dressed in a T-shirt carrying the center's slogan—"We all live downstream"—she was a tireless representative of the resource that has very few, and could turn almost any conversation into a discussion of toxic runoffs and composting toilets. For eight years now she has been carrying this banner, and she proffers an effective set of books and cards and pamphlets to prove it.

Or the man from the Learning Alliance, an alternative adult education center in New York City that may be the only place in the world where there are classes on bioregionalism—not to mention homelessness and mask-making. As if offering 200 socially responsible courses to 6,000 people weren't enough, he offered to use Alliance resources to maintain a central register of the bioregional skills exchange to connect the people who need them with a variety of talented experts—map-makers, dancers, historians, farmers—who can successfully convey the bioregional perspective.

Or the woman from the Cosanti Foundation, which is promoting Paolo Soleri's alternative city that has been abuilding on the sands of Arizona for the past eighteen years. In our discussions of the future "green city"—a human-scale, ecological urban environment—it was she who not only had a coherent idea of what such a place would look like but could provide at least one real-world example of what it was like to put such visions into practice.

Or the couple from Lillooet, a small settlement of communards wresting a back-to-the-land living from northern Ish country, who not only grow their own food and hew their own fuel but also put out a sophisticated thirty-page newspaper four times a year. In its first three years, *The New Catalyst* has had special issues on feminism and ecology, peace and disarmament, food and local sustainability, alternative regional economics, environmental "hotspots" of British Columbia and, of course, bioregionalism.

These are inspiring people, and I must say it was refreshing to come upon so many of them all at once, and to know that, whatever their individual causes, they are united in pushing the project of bioregionalism—and are willing to travel some distance at their own expense to do so. The simple fact of their existence (and persistence) offers considerable hope in the face of the ecocatastrophe that is coming—which, after a summer so full of reminders, even the straight media has caught on to. If the crisis is to be averted it will take the understanding of something very like the bioregional message; and if that message is to be heard, it will take the



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

day-to-day work of people such as these, sticking with their often lonely and sometimes thankless tasks in the nooks and crannies of the crumbling plasti-regional world. □

Shamir–Kahane

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

Kach from participating in the elections. Kahane is appealing to Israel's Supreme Court.

The secret relationship between Cohen, Shamir and Kahane was forged one blustery cold morning in December 1969. Cohen, who had just been elected to the Knesset as a member of Menachem Begin's Herut Party, visited Kahane in his cramped J.D.L. office on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue. Kahane had co-founded the J.D.L. the previous year, ostensibly to defend Jews from anti-Semitism. In reality, the J.D.L. emerged out of racial tensions generated by the 1968 New York City teachers' strike, which pitted the predominantly Jewish teachers' union against militant blacks who sought greater control of their neighborhood schools. The strike, together with black demands for quotas for Civil Service jobs, open admission to city universities and open housing, drew thousands of Orthodox and working-class Jews from New York's outer boroughs to the J.D.L. Kahane, who at the time was editor of the Brooklyn-based *Jewish Press*, filled the tabloid with lurid stories about anti-Semitic acts of violence by blacks and Puerto Ricans against Jews too old and too poor to leave America's decaying inner cities. The stories further exacerbated racial tensions, while creating a pretext for Kahane to dispatch squads of armed vigilantes to "patrol" mixed Jewish-black neighborhoods.

At the time, Geula Cohen thought Kahane was frittering away his talents. "Why are you wasting time fighting the *shvartzers*?" asked Cohen, who was in the United States on a speaking tour sponsored by the International League for the Repatriation of Russian Jews (I.L.R.R.J.), a group of Jewish businessmen who were lobbying Congress on behalf of Soviet Jews. Cohen, who in the 1940s had dropped out of Begin's Irgun underground to fight with the more extreme Stern Gang because she found Begin "too mild," told Kahane that "the vital issue for Jews is the plight of Soviet Jewry. The Russians are planning to liquidate our people." The meeting between them was arranged by Bernard Deutsch, a founding member of the I.L.R.R.J., who says Cohen was impressed by Kahane's militant credentials and obvious public relations talent.

Though the J.D.L. had enjoyed modest success as an anti-black protest group, Kahane instinctively grasped that the predicament of Soviet Jews was an issue that could generate international headlines and turn the J.D.L. into a more significant force. A little-known aspect of Kahane's career is that he spent much of the 1960s leading a double life. To neighbors in New York City, he was a self-effacing rabbi who was wonderful with children. But by his own admission, confirmed by sources in the Justice Department and other U.S. government agencies, Kahane spent many of those years infiltrating the John Birch Society for the Federal Bureau of Investigation and informing on Jewish groups critical of Israel for the House Un-American Activities Committee. He also promoted the U.S. position on Vietnam in the Orthodox Jewish community for the Central Intelligence Agency, despite the prohibition against the agency's involvement in domestic affairs. Now Cohen was offering him the chance to ride his brethren's concern for Soviet Jewry to international stardom. But there was one hitch, says Deutsch: Kahane would have to follow orders. "I really influenced him," Cohen said during a recent interview in Jerusalem. "He changed the J.D.L.'s program overnight."

Over the next few months, Cohen helped lay the groundwork for a guerrilla war against the Soviet Union that would be waged by the J.D.L. and orchestrated by prominent right-wing Israelis, including several ranking members of Mossad, the Israeli intelligence service. According to Cohen and Deutsch, the group's central player was the quiet, morose former Stern Gang commander Yitzhak Shamir. Shamir had been Mossad's chief of operations until 1965 and maintained close ties to the agency during the period in question, according to Deutsch and sources in Israel and America. "The J.D.L.'s decisions weren't made by Meir," says Deutsch, a key member of the covert group that oversaw the J.D.L.'s anti-Soviet operations. "If I were to tell you that Shamir was the head of our group and planned our activities, he would absolutely deny it. But I sat on his bed in his bedroom, which is where we had many of our meetings. I'm not looking to hurt Shamir, but that's a fact."

Deutsch's involvement in this secret operation grew out of his longstanding ties to the leaders of the Revisionist Zionist movement. During the late 1960s and early 1970s, Deutsch was a prominent member of Brooklyn's Orthodox Jewish community. He was a confidant of Herut leader Menachem Begin, who slept in Deutsch's home whenever he was in New York on business, and the chair of the B'nai B'rith Anti-Defamation League's powerful Brooklyn chapter. His work on behalf of Soviet Jews was highly regarded. Malcolm Hoenlein, executive director of the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations, says that Deutsch's I.L.R.R.J. was an effective early lobby group on the issue.

Deutsch's world collapsed in 1975, when he was convicted of stock fraud and conspiracy to evade taxes on more than $4 million in personal and corporate income made between 1968 and 1972, roughly when he worked with Cohen, Shamir and Kahane. According to Bertram Zweibon, the J.D.L.'s co-founder and former chief counsel, proceeds from Deutsch's investments were used to help finance the group's secret operation. Since his release from prison, Deutsch has kept a low profile, but recently he and Geula Cohen have discussed writing a book that would tell the "real story" behind the movement to save Soviet Jewry. The project remains on hold because they are concerned that

Robert I. Friedman, a frequent contributor to The Nation, *is writing an unauthorized biography of Rabbi Meir Kahane. Reporting for this article was underwritten in part by a grant from Essential Information.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Q What runs as smoothly as a fine German automobile?

A A fine German Lottery.

What is more exciting than a fine German automobile with that combination of science and precision that brings a surge of excitement and leaves you breathless?

The South German Lottery combines those same qualities to bring you the most exciting lottery in the world. This lottery was first run in the year 1612 and is followed by avid players worldwide. In 1985 it was entered in the GUINESS BOOK OF WORLD RECORDS.

Over 437,000 prizes totalling $225,000,000 U.S.

In this, the 376th year of the German State Lottery, prize monies total $225 Million U.S. ALMOST A QUARTER OF A BILLION DOLLARS.

Summary of Jack-Pots

2 times	$ 1.66 Million US
4 times	$ 1.11 Million US
14 times	$ 555,000 US
4 times	$ 277,000 US
26 times	$ 138,000 US
32 times	$ 55,500 US

One out of every two numbers is a guaranteed winner

Ticket sales are limited to 900,000 and of this total, 437,588 are guaranteed winners. Your chances to win are one-to-one. Almost every second ticket provides a cash prize. The Lottery is held over a six month period. Drawings are divided into six classes. Your single ticket keeps you in every week for 26 weeks until you win. You can purchase a full ticket, a half ticket or a quarter ticket. Each month you will receive the offical winning list. Each of the six classes provides super prizes, building to two prizes in the final class of $ 1.6 million U.S.

All US$ amounts are quoted at the rate at US$ 1.00 = DM 1,80

2 x 3 Million D-Mark NEW HIGH IN JACK-POTS

All drawings are supervised by government officials

Drawings are held in Munich each Saturday for 26 weeks. They are held under the strict supervision of Government Officials using absolutely tamperproof apparatus.

Prizes are not subject to German tax. All payouts are 100%. There are no deductions or annual payments. Your participation is held in strict confidence. Winners are not announced publicly.

ACT TODAY! Use the handy order form and get set to play. The next lottery begins Nov. 19, 1988. And remember . . . every second ticket drawn is a winner.

Summary of Jack-Pots

30 times	$ 44,400 US
34 times	$ 33,300 US
42 times	$ 27,700 US
60 times	$ 22,200 US

and 437,340 prizes up to $ 13,880 US

Yes, I would like to become a millionaire overnight and order!

SUDDEUTSCHE KLASSENLOTTERIE

Mail Coupon to: **U. Basilius,** State Accredited Lottery Agent
Wilhelmstraße 11,
D-3500 Kassel, W-Germany

All classes (1st to 6th class) 84. Lottery beginning Nov. 19, 1988 to May 13, 1989 of the South German Lottery.

Please fill in number of tickets you want to order per month

	Payment for all 6 classes one time payment		Monthly payment per class = 1 instalment every month		
	DM or US$*		DM or US$*		
	888.00 ● 493.35	1/1 ticket	148.00 ● 82.25		
	456.00 ● 253.35	1/2 ticket	76.00 ● 42.25		
	240.00 ● 133.35	1/4 ticket	40.00 ● 22.25		

* US$ prices are subject to rate of exchange. Rate as of Jul. 88

Elect the one time payment for all 6 classes or pay monthly, air mail postage and winning list after each class. No additional charges
Make check payable to "U. BASILIUS"

On mail-order credit card payment a handling fee of DM 35,- (US$ 19.45) will be added.

84/76	Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Answer in English ☐ German ☐
First Name	Please print in clear letters.
Last Name	
Street/P.O.Box	
City/Code	
Country	

Payment also accepted by credit cards
Only one time payment — all classes — is possible

Charge to my Visa ☐ Master Card ☐ American Express ☐

Expiry Month____
Expiry Year____

Signature: _____ **(Only valid with signature)**

PLEASE INCLUDE PAYMENT, WHEN YOU ORDER AFTER NOV. 19, 1988

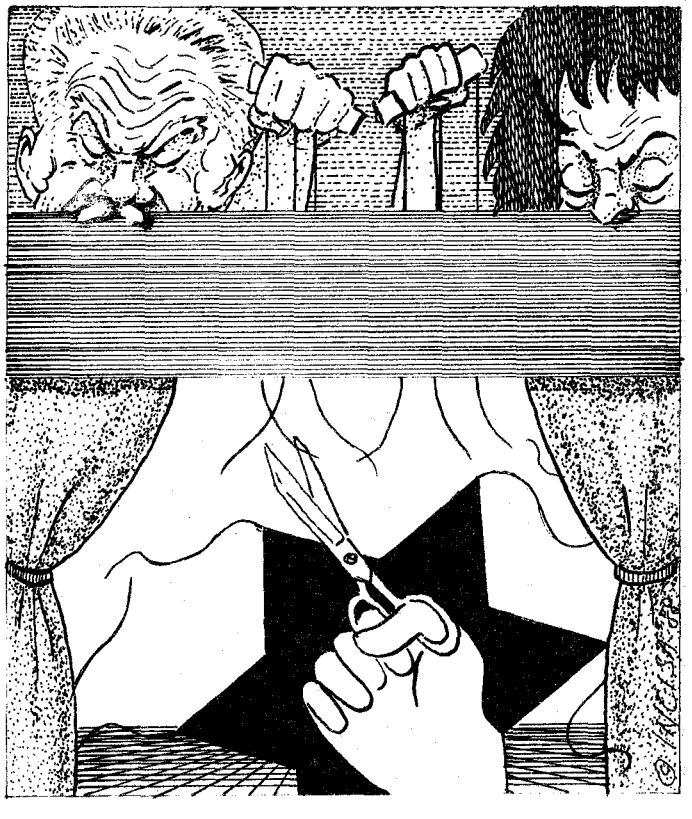
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their revelations might hurt the political careers of some of their colleagues. Cohen adds that they are also looking for a ghostwriter they can trust.

According to Deutsch, a committee composed mostly of former members of the Stern Gang and the Irgun—many of whom were at the time employed by Israel's secret service—planned and funded many of the J.D.L.'s militant actions against Soviet targets in the United States and Europe. Deutsch himself served as a courier, frequently meeting group members in Israel, England and Switzerland. "I'd meet directly with the overall group and bring back money and instructions," he said.

Besides Shamir and Cohen, the group overseeing J.D.L. operations included Israeli attorney Pessach Mor, now a member of the Tehiya Party's Central Council; several wealthy Israeli and U.S. businessmen; three top Mossad officers; Herzl Amicaham, a former Irgun operative who would often fly to the United States to confer with J.D.L. officials; and several retired Israeli army officers who trained J.D.L. youths in weapons and sabotage in Israel. The exact workings of the operation are still partly shrouded in mystery, but many of Deutsch's allegations have been independently confirmed by sources in the United States and Israel. "Our group planned how to fight the Soviet Union," says Cohen. "We wanted to pressure the Russian Embassy in the U.S., to warn them, to frighten them." She adds that it was not their intention to use lethal violence.

Nevertheless, Kahane's handlers calculated that the selective use of violence against Soviet targets in the United States and Europe would inevitably strain U.S.-Soviet relations, according to Deutsch and other former J.D.L. officials. They predicted that, rather than risk détente, the Soviet Union would be forced to alleviate the crisis by freeing hundreds of thousands of Jews. An influx of Soviet Jews would help redress the demographic imbalance caused when Israel swallowed the occupied territories and their large Arab population.



Golda Meir's Labor government was kept in the dark about this cabal of right-wing zealots, says Deutsch. "Golda Meir had favored using back-channel diplomacy to solve the Soviet-Jewish problem," he said. "Many Revisionists [right-wing Zionists] felt it was exactly that kind of passive policy that led to the Holocaust. The Israeli government did nothing for Soviet Jews. Golda felt any kind of publicity endangered their lives. 'I make decisions that can send thousands of Israeli soldiers to their death, but I have no right to do that to Russian Jews,' she once told me. We thought militancy was the way to go."

Soon after Cohen's meeting with Kahane in New York, the J.D.L. inaugurated its anti-Soviet campaign. The opening shot was a well-executed attack on four Soviet targets in New York. In one day—December 29, 1969—the J.D.L. simultaneously took over the offices of Tass, Intourist and Aeroflot, and boarded a Soviet commercial passenger plane at Kennedy International Airport to spray-paint the cabin with the Hebrew words "Am Yisrael Chai"—"The Jewish Nation Lives." On December 31, Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister S.P. Kozyrev met with the U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union to protest the J.D.L. attacks, warning that if they did not cease, "The responsibility . . . will rest fully on the U.S. government."

But the J.D.L. intensified its campaign. Soon its members were arrested for bombing Soviet and Arab property in the United States and beating and harassing Soviet and Arab diplomats. By the fall of 1971, J.D.L. attacks against Soviet targets in the United States and Europe had become so numerous that President Nixon became concerned Kahane would wreck the Strategic Arms Limitations Talks. A confidential State Department memorandum at the time urged the Justice Department to secure indictments against J.D.L. troublemakers, arguing that it would "measurably improve the ability of the United States to deal with the Soviet Union on substantive foreign policy issues."

On November 30, 1971—just weeks after a Jewish militant fired a high-powered rifle from the roof of Hunter College into the Soviet mission in New York—a summit attended by officials from the Justice Department, the Secret Service and the F.B.I. convened in then–U.S. Ambassador George Bush's apartment in the Waldorf Astoria to plan how to derail the J.D.L. Kahane's colleagues in Israel couldn't have been more pleased with the attention. "Kahane was the right man at the right time," said Deutsch. "We knew he was crazy, but he could be trusted. He got us on the front page."

It's not surprising that Kahane was entrusted with this mission, given his background. His father was a highly respected Brooklyn rabbi, a fervent Zionist and a member of the right-wing Revisionist movement headed by Ze'ev Jabotinsky, who once spent several weeks as a guest at the Kahanes' Flatbush home when Meir was a child. Other visitors included Menachem Begin and National Religious Party leader Yosef Burg. As a teen-ager Kahane was a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

member of Betar, the youth wing of the Revisionist movement. Together with his young colleagues, Kahane packed arms at the Hoboken docks to be smuggled to the Irgun during Israel's war of independence. At the time, Betar's leader in the United States was Moshe Arens, who later became Israel's Ambassador to the United States.

When Kahane founded the J.D.L., most of its core members were his childhood friends from Betar. Through the 1970s, the J.D.L. worked closely with Betar's New York chapters, coordinating often violent protests against Arabs and the Russians. The Betar official who arranged events with the J.D.L. was Yisrael Medad, now Geula Cohen's chief legislative aide.

On July 23, 1971, Kahane was convicted in a New York court for conspiracy to manufacture firebombs. He received a five-year suspended sentence and was placed on probation for five years. Under mounting pressure from the F.B.I., on September 21, 1971, Kahane moved to Israel. He was immediately embraced by the Israeli right, which proclaimed him a hero. The best proof of his popularity was that Menachem Begin's party offered him a safe seat in the Knesset. "I wouldn't say we were close," Kahane said of Begin. "But we once had a relatively good relationship. I liked his work for the Irgun and he liked mine for the J.D.L." Nevertheless, Kahane told me he rejected Begin's offer for fear of having to compromise his principles. "We were shocked when Kahane turned Begin down," says Kahane's New York attorney and Kach supporter Barry Slotnick.

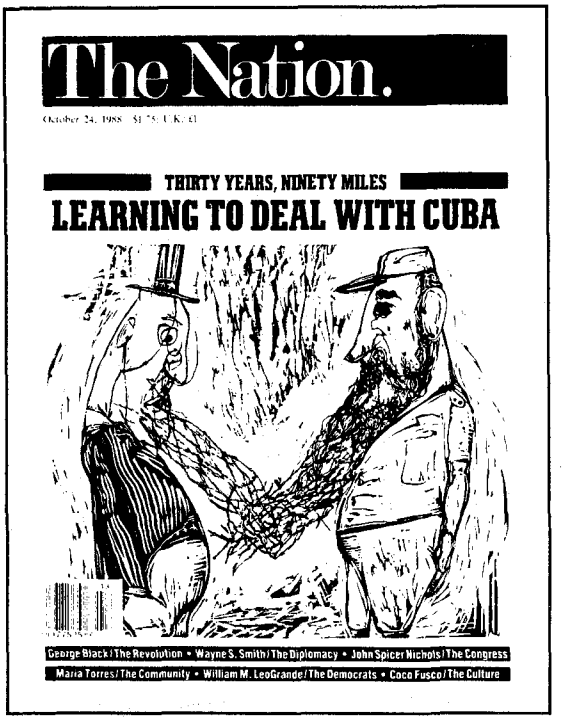
Instead of joining the right-wing establishment, Kahane opened a J.D.L. office in Jerusalem. Before long, he turned the violent tactics he had employed against the Russians on Israeli Arabs, a black Hebrew sect living in Dimona and Christian churches in Jerusalem. "The [Israeli] government is in the midst of a real crackdown . . . since the missionary office on the Mount of Olives [was firebombed by the league]," a J.D.L. member who had jumped bail in the United States and fled to Jerusalem wrote to Zweibon in 1972. "While many Israelis are upset by the alleged actions of the League, there are those who support it morally and some businessmen who give substantial financial support. There is a lot of money spent on bail lately."

Among those who were most dismayed by Kahane's activities were his covert backers, who felt that vigilante violence was more appropriate to the streets of America. Yet when they finally broke with the rabbi, it wasn't because of his Wild West behavior in Israel. The relationship ran aground primarily over the issue of money, or more precisely, allegations that Kahane had misappropriated funds earmarked for terrorist operations. "The break had nothing to do with Kahane's politics in Israel," says Deutsch. "It had to do with money we gave him for specific activities."

According to Deutsch and other sources connected to the operation, in early 1972 Kahane was given about $70,000 to stage a number of violent demonstrations in England, France and North America. The climax was to be in Canada, where Kahane was supposed to arrange the kidnapping of Soviet Prime Minister Alexi Kosygin, scheduled to arrive on a state visit that summer. However, not a single

An Offer To Readers, Educators and Students

—BULK ORDERS—
LEARNING TO DEAL WITH CUBA


The Nation.
THIRTY YEARS, NINETY MILES
LEARNING TO DEAL WITH CUBA
George Black / The Revolution • Wayne S. Smith / The Diplomacy • John Spicer Nichols / The Congress
Maria Torres / The Community • William M. LeoGrande / The Democrats • Coco Fusco / The Culture

A landmark study of Fidel Castro's revolution at thirty and why United States–Cuban relations should be normalized by a new Administration. Highlighted by George Black's vivid on-the-spot report on Cuba's prospects for change in the age of Gorbachev.

Also, Wayne S. Smith, John Spicer Nichols, Maria de los Angeles Torres, William M. LeoGrande and Coco Fusco.

Bulk Order Price List

1 - 9 copies	$2.00 each
10 - 49 copies	$1.75 each
50 - 99 copies	$1.50 each
100 or more copies	$1.00 each

ORDER FORM

Send me _____ copies of The Nation Special Issue, *Learning to Deal with Cuba*. I enclose $_____ payment in full.*

NAME (Please print)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

PHONE

* Mail check or money order to Nation Bulk Sales, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (U.S. currency only. N.Y. State residents please add appropriate sales tax). All sales final. 8838

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

action was carried out. Kahane refused to return the money, using it instead to finance his first unsuccessful run for the Knesset, in 1973, according to Zweibon and others who at the time backed the militant rabbi. At a stormy meeting on August 12, 1972, in Deutsch's suite at the Tel Aviv Hilton, Geula Cohen and several others confronted Kahane. "We called him a thief and a liar," says Deutsch. "At that point, we wished he had stayed in the U.S."

A few days later, Pessach Mor wrote to Zweibon, explaining that the break with Kahane appeared to be irrevocable. The letter began: "I am afraid that we (Geula and myself) had some harsh words with Meir . . . and he left rather in a 'huff,'" and continued,

> As things now stand we see no way that we can cooperate with him in any way nor with his "organization." . . . The result is that, as long as the conditions we complained about continue, we will give no support to him in any form whatsoever (financial or otherwise). Bernie [Deutsch] was present at the discussion and will give you some details; but it is really a long story and I would prefer not to deal with it on paper.
>
> . . .
>
> Unfortunately, Bert, if the last year is an indication, Meir seems to us to have gone off on a tangent which makes him so useless and harmless that, in a little while, people will forget what he was.

Zweibon, a Manhattan attorney and chief counsel for Americans for a Safe Israel, a right-wing lobby, confirms the outlines of Deutsch's story. "Meir betrayed Cohen and the others from the beginning," Zweibon told me during a recent interview at a kosher restaurant in midtown Manhattan. "The money just went through his pockets. Why didn't Geula see it coming? She is an idealist of the worst order. Kahane's duplicity boggled her mind. She was an expert in underground warfare, not judging people. But given the fact that he was willing to expose himself in the U.S. to prison and public repudiation, she made an assumption that he was one of us and could be trusted." Adds Cohen now, "His place was in the U.S., fighting for Jews. . . . The break destroyed [our group]."

Regardless of what the unruly rabbi did with their money, he did get the issue of Soviet Jews onto the front page of *The New York Times*, and that is all Cohen and the others wanted, says Zweibon. By late 1972, the American Jewish establishment, which had played down the Soviet Jewry question, had set up well-funded bureaucracies to deal with the problem.

Although Shamir and Cohen clearly had much to do with turning Kahane into a potent political phenomenon, they would now like nothing better than to destroy his career and siphon away his tens of thousands of supporters. Shamir's office refused to comment on his alleged relationship with the rabble-rousing rabbi.

Ultimately, the Israeli right is angry with Kahane because he *says* what they *think*: that the Jewish state should annex the occupied territories and expel all of Israel's unruly Arabs. And declaring that openly is not good public relations. Kahane is not a golem forged from the anxiety of a tormented diaspora—as the propagandists on the right would have us believe. To a great extent, he is the creation of Israel's "respectable" right, and despite its differences with him Kahane is the logical culmination of Shamir and Cohen's uncompromising nationalist views. □

THE J.D.L. VS. THE U.S.S.R.

While Geula Cohen and Yitzhak Shamir directed certain Jewish Defense League activities in America, they were also in contact with Jewish dissidents in Russia. The Israelis sent the Soviet Jews money and books and organized some of their political protests.

"We sent our brethren Hebrew books . . . and transmitted coded messages through a variety of clandestine channels, including the Finnish Embassy," says Bernard Deutsch, the Jewish activist who introduced J.D.L. founder Rabbi Meir Kahane to Cohen. They also surreptitiously channeled funds to subsidize an underground publication network through Soviet Jewish émigré groups in New York City, Switzerland and England.

The J.D.L.'s crusade to publicize the plight of Soviet Jewry electrified the growing Jewish activist movement in Russia. Ironically, the Soviet press's denunciations of Kahane's actions transformed the rabbi into a hero. On June 15, 1970, the K.G.B. arrested scores of Jewish activists across the Soviet Union. Among those were nine Jews charged with plotting to hijack a Soviet airliner. American Jewish leaders accused the K.G.B. of a frame-up. But according to Deutsch, the hijacking was planned by Kahane's control group in Israel, which had been secretly in contact with the plotters. On Christmas Eve, 1970, a Soviet court sentenced two hijackers to death. In the wake of their trial, the J.D.L. stepped up its attacks:

§ On January 8, 1971, a bomb exploded outside the Soviet cultural building in downtown Washington. News agencies received calls that stated: "This is a sample of things to come. . . . Never Again!"

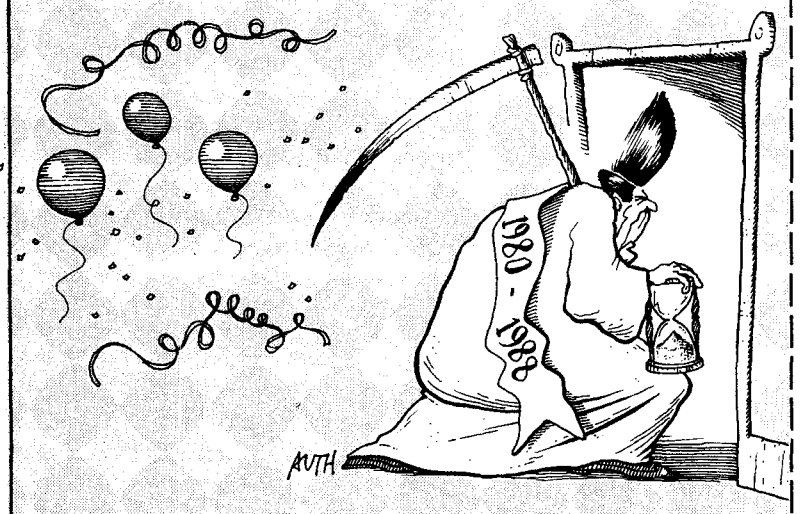
§ On January 19, 1971, J.D.L. members began to follow Soviet officials in New York City and Washington, spitting and shouting epithets at them.

§ On April 22, 1971, a bomb exploded inside Amtrog, the Soviet trade center, at 355 Lexington Avenue in Manhattan, gutting the nineteenth floor of the building. Sappers dismantled a second bomb, which nearly exploded while police officials looked on. Kahane sat in Deutsch's Wall Street office smiling as he listened to a radio broadcaster speak of one bomb. "Two," Kahane said, raising his fingers in a "V," imitating a Churchill victory salute.

§ On January 26, 1972, the Manhattan office of impresario Sol Hurok, who brought Soviet performers to the United States, was firebombed by the J.D.L., killing a Jewish secretary. "I once asked Begin how he felt when he learned that thirty or forty Jews were killed in the bombing of the King David Hotel. Begin told me he felt horrible," Kahane said. "That's exactly how I felt after the Hurok bombing." —R.I.F.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Goodbye Ronnie . . ."



The New Year won't be good news for *everyone*. (And for *that* crowd, neither will another year of all the news *The Nation* sees fit to print.) But for friends who share your enlightened view of the world, 1989 and *The Nation* will make a powerhouse combination—and a dynamite holiday gift.

We'll get your gift subscriptions off to a festive start with a special gift announcement card bearing the exclusive Tony Auth drawing reproduced above. And here's the good news for *you*:

SPECIAL LOW HOLIDAY GIFT RATES!

$21
for the first gift
(nearly 50% off the regular subscription price)

$18
for each additional gift

Special Discounts for all gift subscriptions!

1 year—47 issues
First gift—$21
Each additional gift—$18

YOUR NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ Send gift card(s) to recipient(s).
Signed _____

☐ Send gift cards to me in time for holiday giving.

PLEASE SEND GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS TO:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

For each gift outside the U.S. add $14 for postage.
Payment in U.S. funds only.

For additional gifts attach list.

☐ Enclosed is $_____ for ____ subscription(s).

Charge my: ☐ MASTERCARD ☐ VISA

Account # _____ Exp. Date

Signature _____

☐ Bill me later.

SEND TO: THE NATION, BOX 1953
MARION, OH 43305.

MD8KB2

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Policy Jocks

JAMES LEDBETTER

GROWTH WITH FAIRNESS: A Program to Rebuild America's Economy. *By Milton J. Esman, Steven I. Jackson and Ronald F. King. Seven Locks Press. 163 pp. $9.95.*

WINNING AMERICA: Ideas and Leadership for the 1990s. *Edited by Marcus Raskin and Chester Hartman. South End Press. 415 pp. $16.*

LABORATORIES OF DEMOCRACY. *By David Osborne. Harvard Business School Press. 380 pp. $24.95.*

Like it or not, it's the season of the policy book. Every four years around this time, the high priests of policy—academics, septuagenarian statesmen and those horrible Washington types who debate privatization issues even in the bathroom—convene to recite their magical chants and go over their sacred texts, in hopes of converting the research staffs of the presidential campaigns to their peculiar sectarianism. Publishers go along with the ritual—most of them reluctantly, since policy books don't exactly compete with Judith Krantz—perhaps because an eccentric editor is among the faithful, or perhaps out of civic duty.

Quadrennial policy books cover the full range of American political thought, such as it is, but they nonetheless share something that overrides their doctrinal differences: No one reads them.

In part this is because the American electorate seems more interested in the circus sideshow than in the policy conjurers. Hawking issues and ideology is an uphill battle when the crowd is busy investigating whether the candidates are telling the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about their war records or psychiatric histories.

But the responsibility for failure also lies with the books themselves. How does an idea get to be a policy? It's a combination of detail, a sympathetic administrator with an eye for the politically expedient and what Jesse Jackson calls the "street heat" of public pressure. But one crucial ingredient unifies all of this: rhetoric. Sure, there was corporate and activist pressure for the Reagan social-service cuts of the early 1980s, but the idea never would have sold without the fables about "welfare queens" in Cadillacs and assurances about keeping a "safety net." Once an idea captures the rhetorical high ground, public officials will scramble for the kind of specific arguments and evidence that these books offer.

But since they lack a sense of the importance of rhetoric, most policy books are so stunningly soporific that even people whose job it is to read them have trouble plowing through more than five pages at a time. On the left as on the right, policy books are like sophisticated military hardware; they may be the most powerful weapons ever invented, but if they're not user-friendly, they'll never get off the ground. If Jackson's campaign proved anything, it was that style and substance *can* peacefully coexist in politics. Too many policy book editors seem to have missed that lesson.

The policy book genre has three basic categories: expository (advocacy that presents problems and solutions in the form of an essay); paratactic (tackling a number of problems with shorter position papers, often by different authors, with no attempt to forge transitions between, say, the environment and the arms race); and narrative (illustrating policy successes and failures through specific examples, often letting readers draw their own conclusions). *Growth With Fairness* is the prototypical expository book: well-argued, top-heavy with economics and boring as hell. The authors, Milton Esman, Steven Jackson and Ronald King, are three Cornell University economists with a liberal/left bent who have set about debunking the myths surrounding Reaganomics. They track the development of the trade deficit and explain how it threatens economic growth. They document the inequity of Reagan tax reform. They discuss the loss of jobs to slave-wage manufacturers abroad. Concluding that Reagan not only wrecked the American economy but "subverted the central values of our society," they argue that the United States must have sustained economic growth, coupled with reforms to insure that all individuals gain from it.

To remain competitive, the authors contend, the Federal government must mimic its trade rivals by nurturing industries that create jobs and growth. To that end they recommend creating an Industrial Development Bank (I.D.B.), a Federal lender that would be funded through general revenues for five years, after which it would become self-financing.

Rather than extending credit to American businesses, the I.D.B. would acquire equity in a company, provided that the firm meets the criteria of job creation, technological innovation and importance to economic security. While free marketeers might argue that this amounts to government interference with the marketplace, the authors point out that the Federal government already engages in such activity, only in a haphazard way. If an I.D.B. had been in place in 1979, for example, when the government bailed out Chrysler with a $1.5 billion loan guarantee, the equity earned would have put $30 billion in the bank's coffers.

The book contains similar proposals for trade policy and makes a strong argument for investment in infrastructure: Not only does such investment create jobs, but it is absolutely necessary to maintain a healthy industrial base. (Investment in housing, which provides similar economic benefits, is curiously absent from this book.)

Less convincing and less innovative are the book's proposals for social policy. These sections read as if they were written by the George Bush campaign as a parody of Big Government Liberalism. Proposing an almost mystical "new federal compact" (the Federal government assumes the burden of welfare and Medicaid, with the states using their savings to promote economic development and expand social services), the authors propose that the government guarantee job training, a college education or a job for all high school graduates, medical insurance and child care. How to pay for it? Cut military spending ($15 billion a year for the next four years), reduce agricultural subsidies ($10 billion), tax the rich ($80 billion).

There's nothing wrong with any of this, but it's old wine in old bottles. It's as though an exasperated editor told the authors to justify their economic doctrine politically, so they borrowed all

James Ledbetter is research director of the Democracy Project, a nonprofit public policy institute in New York City, and co-editor, with Mark Green, of Ideas That Work: 60 Solutions for America's 3rd Century.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their language from the McGovern campaign. Rarely has a book begun so many sentences with "We must" or substituted so much sheer repetition of ideas for an attempt to prove them. Even the smartest policy proposals have to contend in the political arena, and this book ain't gonna win many votes. *Growth With Fairness*'s programs are a mixed bag, but its rhetoric is a failure. Maybe Michael Dukakis will like it after all.

At least *Growth* is clear about what it wants. *Winning America*, this year's policy platform from the Institute for Policy Studies, falls into a different tedium trap: the scattershot approach. An example of the paratactic policy book, *Winning America* contains thirty-eight essays, many by members of the usual I.P.S. crowd (Richard Barnet, Robert Borosage, Saul Landau, Marcus Raskin) and others by heavies of the left public interest world, such as Robert McIntyre (on taxes), Representative John Conyers (on crime), Representative Ron Dellums (on defense) and Robert Percival (on regulation).

The book almost radiates negativity. The facts in *Winning America* form a wholesale indictment of the inequity, abuse and absurdity of American society, stuff to warm the heart of any gloom-and-doom liberal. In no particular order, here are some of its greatest hits:

§ Between 1980 and 1984, the U.S. economy grew at an annual rate of 1.8 percent, compared with 2.9 percent in the 1970s and 1.5 percent—in the 1930s.

§ The Justice Department is charged with seeing that the Freedom of Information Act is upheld, yet refers to court decisions in favor of withholding information as "wins," those requiring disclosure as "losses."

§ There was more violent crime by "hate" groups from 1983 to 1986 than there had been over the previous two decades.

§ Nearly half the jobs created between 1979 and 1987 pay less than $7,400 a year.

§ Forty-two of the nation's largest and most profitable corporations paid no Federal income taxes between 1982 and 1985.

§ According to the most recent figures available, over 6.5 million renters in the United States pay half or more of their income for housing.

§ Military expenditures now account for more than half of the available Federal budget.

§ From 1980 to 1985, the number of

Put Your Name On The Line.

Join us in supporting the 40th Anniversary of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights.

"All human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights." This is the historic promise of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, proclaimed by the governments in the United Nations 40 years ago.

Today that promise is mocked by governments in more than 120 countries represented in the United Nations.

On behalf of human rights victims who have been seized or silenced, we appeal to every government, and to the United Nations, to protect all those who raise their voices in defense of human rights.

Put your name on the line for human rights.

Please add my name to help support the Universal Declaration of Human Rights.

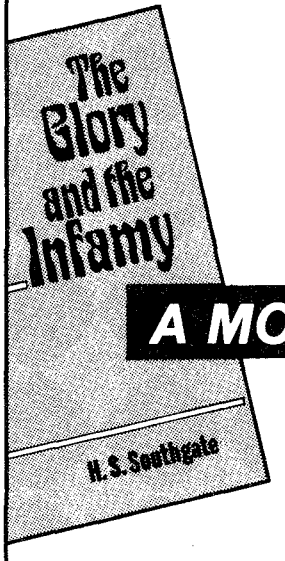
NAME ADDRESS

Please return this appeal by Oct. 31, 1988 to:

HUMAN RIGHTS NOW! *Appeal*
AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL USA
322 Eighth Avenue
New York, New York 10001

☐ *Please send me more information about Amnesty International, the worldwide human rights organization.*

AADI



• *"Minister Cuts to The Core of Christianity in New Book"*
— THE ASHEVILLE CITIZEN

The Glory and the Infamy probes Christian conscience with documented facts ... could be published only by private press owing to controversial nature. Opens the mind to startling revelations that ***facts*** *support!*

A MOST REVEALING BOOK!

- "In my opinion, GLORY AND INFAMY is terrific" C. Stanley Lowell, former Executive Director, Americans United Research Foundation.
- "You have done a noble job and history should be thankful . . . Every library ought to have a copy of this book." Edna Ruth Johnson, Editor, THE CHURCHMAN.
- "Bravo, Bravo and Amen! It is good to hear it said . . . On the whole, very well written work." Scott Meredith, President, Scott Meredith Literary Agency, New York.
- "THE GLORY AND THE INFAMY is a very powerful book that offers extraordinary documentation. I am not aware of any author who captures so many critical realities of our time in a single book . . . This effort by Dr. Southgate to document these realities is desperately needed and truly courageous." Stephen D. Mumford, Executive Director, Center for Research on Population and Security.

Mail To:

Vantage Press
516 W. 34th St.
New York, NY 10001

Please send ___ copies of The Glory and the Infamy at $10.95 plus $1.25 for postage and handling. Remittance enclosed.

Name _____
Street No. _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

U.S. children who died because of poverty, hunger and malnutrition was greater than the total number of U.S. battle deaths in the Vietnam War.

Winning America is programmatically complete and politically correct, and it lays out the progressive agenda more completely than any other book of its type. Nevertheless, it suffers from terminal blurriness, which renders it almost unreadable. Each chapter begins with brief policy recommendations and ends with suggested appointments to the agency in question, implying that what comes between is a specific recipe for a better agency. Some essays, like Dellums's excellent chapter on the defense budget, fit this bill, giving specific directives and even budgetary breakdowns.

Others, such as the article by Robert Gottlieb and Helen Ingram on the environment, tend to ramble; their contribution is less a guidepost for government policy than a discussion of intramural debates among environmentalists. Under the heading of "specific proposals," the chapter recommends that the government "create a more democratic structure of input and decisionmaking." Still other chapters do little more than rant about Reagan's somnambulent agencies.

Winning America's format—a guide for a progressive Administration—is an ill-fitting costume for what is really a wish list of the left. One gets the impression that, having spent so many years in opposition, the authors aren't really comfortable with the idea of government as an agent of change. Chester Hartman's piece on housing, for example, essentially calls for making housing an entitlement, transferring millions of housing units to public ownership, and gradually reducing the concept of private ownership. Good idea, but even if the most ardent low-income housing advocate listed at the end of the chapter gets appointed HUD secretary, it seems unlikely that he or she will bring about an end to property rights through executive order. Either the recommendations should be tailored to the format, or the format should be changed.

There's really little wrong with any of these individual essays or proposals; on their own, most would make decent magazine articles. *Winning America* also includes addresses of progressive organizations at the end of every chapter, making it a useful resource. But otherwise the book is an organizational jumble, obscuring its often valuable proposals. The volume's failure to define priorities leaves the reader breathless and confused. In his chapter on the economy, Sean Gervasi writes, "The only hope of changing and democratizing an economy cracking under the weight of its contradictions lies in mobilizing the people in support of change." I couldn't agree more, and the first thing to change should be the organization of books like these.

In many ways, David Osborne's *Laboratories of Democracy* shows a way out of the pitfalls of the policy book. Osborne is a writer first and a policy jock second, and his analysis is easier to swallow because it is efficiently structured and written in detailed and effective prose.

Osborne's exemplary style flows in part from his subject matter. A profile of six "new paradigm" governors and their innovations, *Laboratories* uses the personalities and careers of its subjects as a window into more arcane social questions. Osborne's theme is how these governors—Richard Thornburgh of Pennsylvania, Bill Clinton of Arkansas, Bruce Babbitt of Arizona, James Blanchard of Michigan, Michael Dukakis of Massachusetts and Mario Cuomo of New York—have adapted their states to structural change such as the growth of the service sector and international competition.

Since the late 1970s, Osborne argues, a combination of Federal inaction and postindustrial economic necessity have made state governments the breeding grounds for innovative public policies. As with the New Deal, which was patched together from a number of state programs, Osborne believes that the next decade's Federal agenda can be glimpsed in the states today. Osborne's Super-Governors have learned the futility of "smokestack chasing"—huge tax breaks to industrial companies—and instead have concentrated economic development efforts on encouraging university-industry links, welfare and education reform, nonprofit community development corporations and small, entrepreneurial and usually high-tech industries.

The stories in this book read like a dense alphabet soup—there are details and anecdotes about everything from the Arkansas Development Finance Authority (A.D.F.A.) to New York's Urban Development Corporation (U.D.C.)—but they form a basically readable guide to state policies in the 1980s. Some of the stories are encouraging. When Charles Grigsby, a black banker, took over the struggling Massachusetts Community Development Finance Corporation (C.D.F.C.) in 1983, he was not only able to get the organization back on its feet, but he saved the largest employer in Boston's black ghetto from going under.

Using worker training programs, loan guarantees and business advisers, the C.D.F.C. and its analogues in other states have successfully developed housing and turned around economically depressed regions. In his two-part conclusion, Osborne argues convincingly that the Federal government must promote a new agenda: "The federal role should be to provide funds, particularly for poorer

FREE WILL AND THE RIVER

Every street in town
ends at the tanker
where the river used to be.
Without Alaskan oil the ship
rides high, blocks wind,
blocks light angled through clouds
releasing rain so slowly
the drops seem to turn around,
rise and fill the clouds again.

Year after year the process
repeats itself until we count on it
like we count on the salmon
whose return to spawn
determines when men fish,
when they drink.

If I were part of this cycle,
I'd pour beer at Charlie's Place,
chalk birthdays (Dutch—Aug. 11,
Spook—Aug. 20) on the board
behind the bar and stuff my tips
into hard finger rolls,
the clink of coins backing up
the jukebox bass shuddering
in my apartment wall.

Someday, I'd tell myself,
the difference between tips
and rent will pay my way
downriver to the city where
windows in tall buildings
throw back sunlight
and someone, safe from nature's
whims, controls weather
with metal discs, pipes and fans.

Once in a glass tank there,
I watched a tiny albino
catfish bob like a hypnotist's
charm, skin translucent
in artificial light that lulled me
back to clouds gathering
at the river's mouth, racing
the tanker out to sea, playing tag
with all my expectations.

Judith Root

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

states; to create financial incentives for states to act; to evaluate state efforts; and, above all, to provide the leadership necessary to create nationwide support for reform."

Unfortunately, the narrative approach carries its own baggage. Osborne gets so involved in writing about individuals and their programs that other, more skeptical voices get drowned out. For example, his examination of Dukakis is sufficiently objective to function as a partial critique of the hype surrounding the "Massachusetts miracle." While Dukakis's presidential campaign tends to talk about the number of successful companies funded by the Massachusetts Technology Development Corporation, Osborne points out that the total capital made available—$7.4 million by mid-1986—is essentially irrelevant against the background of the national private venture capital explosion: $4.5 billion by 1983.

But what doesn't get questioned in this book are the premises on which these governors act. Osborne quotes a number of people to the effect that the "old" liberal agenda failed, creating the need for the "new paradigm" politics. What was a political failure, however, was not necessarily a bad policy. The new paradigm programs Osborne lauds for "bringing the poor into the growth process" tend to come awfully close to old paradigm bootstrap policies, with their emphasis on self-help and their glorification of the entrepreneur. Was liberalism so bad that everything—job creation, university research, protecting the environment—should be turned over to "public-private partnerships"?

The programs in *Laboratories of Democracy* may have been successful on their own terms, but Osborne only peripherally addresses the question of whether those terms are acceptable. Job training is a more worthwhile investment than welfare, but what kind of training is taking place in Massachusetts? Are people getting "good jobs at good wages" or are they simply being shown how to adjust to the service economy's low wages and slim room for advancement? (The ghetto employer saved by the C.D.F.C. was a grocery store.) Do high-tech industries really create enough good jobs to justify the kinds of investments these states have made in them, or will their labs be the abandoned smokestacks of the early twenty-first century? Osborne cedes too much ground to the neoliberal viewpoint and the business interests it tends to support.

SUBSCRIBER SERVICES

MOVING?

Send both your old mailing label and your new address to:

THE NATION
P.O. Box 1953
Marion OH 43305

Please allow 4-6 weeks for processing.

PROBLEMS?

If you have any problems or questions regarding your subscription, please write to us at the address to the left, or call:

1-800-669-1002*
8:30 am to 4:30 pm EST

*Please note this number is for subscriber **inquiries** only.

A collection of 13 seminal essays on the distinctive nature of human freedom...

The Importance of What We Care About

Harry G. Frankfurt

The essays focus on such central topics as freedom of the will, moral responsibility, the nature of action, the structure of will, the constitution of the self and the theory of personal ideals.

Hardcover $39.50
Paperback $12.95

At bookstores or order from
Cambridge University Press
32 East 57th Street, NY, NY 10022
Cambridge toll-free numbers for orders only:
800-872-7423, outside NY State. 800-227-0247,
NY State only. MasterCard and Visa accepted.

Put the Tactics of War to Work for *You*!

NOW ONLY $7.95 ~ 50% OFF
PUBLISHED AT $15.95

The Art of War—the 2,000 year-old primer for victory by Sun Tzu, the brilliant military leader of ancient China—is a powerful study of human behavior and the ways one can use psychological insights to win power struggles. For centuries, military leaders have used it to formulate tactics. In recent years, Fortune 500 executives have used it to strengthen their strategies. And now *you* can use it whenever you're compelled to fight for your rights and interests.

Plan for Victory

Most of the "battles" you face today are not won with brute forces, but with clever planning and thorough knowledge of your opponent. *The Art of War* will help you gain the upper hand by explaining such fascinating specifics as:

- *33 points of offensive strategy*
- *33 methods of maneuver*
- *5 personality types of opponents*
- *31 ways to determine your weaknesses and strengths*

Be a Winner

Armed with *The Art of War*, you'll be miles ahead of your competition. You'll learn how to:

- Use your aggression to its best effect
- Benefit from your opponent's idiosyncracies
- Conceal your strategies
- Keep your wits about you in the heat of conflict

Sun Tzu's strategies won him victory after victory in 6th century B.C. China, a world of unspeakable brutalities and perpetual warfare. If these principles led him to triumph in such a world, imagine what they could do for you in your life! So arm yourself with *The Art of War* today! 197pp.

Barnes & Noble Unconditional Guarantee
You must be completely satisfied with every item you order from Barnes & Noble by mail, or you may return it to us, for a full refund.

Barnes & Noble
Booksellers Since 1873
DEPT Z202 126 FIFTH AVE., NY, NY 10011

1514744. Please rush to me _____ copies of **The Art of War** at your special **sale price of $7.95** (plus $1.25 per book for shipping & insurance). For deliveries to MA, PA, NJ, NY, MN & CT: please add applicable sales tax.

Name_____
Address_____ Apt.#_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"One day," Osborne concludes, "a politician will run for president who combines a commitment to the new agenda with a sense of vision, a knack for telling stories and a silver tongue." What we need is not a Philosopher-King, but a Speechwriter-President. Osborne believes American politics is in the middle of what Thomas Kuhn has called a "paradigm shift," even if we don't know what we're shifting into. At the moment, most progressive politicians lack the language even to describe the new paradigm adequately, a major hurdle to the public's embracing it. Providing that language, and the substance to back it up, should be the goal of a good policy book; alas, too many of their writers and editors seem to suffer from the same rhetorical malaise. □

MUSIC.

GENE SANTORO

Labels may keep marketing execs warm at night, but they don't help much when you hear the music. But broad generic categories can be useful: Everything is not one, despite the wan World Beat types and New Age pablumizers.

Reggae evolved when 1960s soul sounds, picked up in Jamaica over clear-signal radio stations from New Orleans and Nashville, got retooled by Caribbean ears and traditions. One of reggae's major contributors, Toots Hibbert, has led vocal groups for over twenty years now; in fact, his 1969 hit with the Maytals, "Do the Reggay," may well have helped name the groove. So why not take the gruff-voiced leader, whose debts to Otis Redding are as undeniable as they are loving, put him in a Memphis studio (where so many soul hits were cut) with the session cats who backed the likes of Otis and Al Green, pull out tunes from those glory days and cut virtually live to tape? The riveting, sensual, outrageously funky result—I've nearly worn out my advance copy—is *Toots Hibbert* (Mango). Toots wraps his warm, throaty pipes around cuts like the coiled upbeat "Knock on Wood," the introspectively percolating "Love and Happiness" and the gospel-driven fervor of "Love the Rain." The rhythm section, led by stalwart Memphis guitarist Teenie Hodges, slinks and bumps and pumps it out to make your backbone slip, and the Memphis Horns deliver their razor-sharp lines with swagger and sweat and just the right hint of menace. Sleeper of the season, I think.

Another candidate for that dubious distinction is guitarist and songwriter extraordinaire Richard Thompson's latest, the punningly titled *Amnesia* (Capitol). Since his work with folk-rock pioneers Fairport Convention two decades ago, Thompson's music has combined medieval forms, rock guitar picking from James Burton's brilliantly concise rockabilly to Jimi Hendrix's outer space bends and slurs, and folkily meaningful lyrics—Dylan was among his, and Fairport's, early heroes. Since his breakup with co-vocalist (and ex-wife) Linda, he has worked at incorporating what he calls ill-tempered medieval instruments like shawms and regals and symphonies (a medieval hurdy-gurdy). Because they don't adhere to post-Bach tuning, their overtone series bristle with wheezing protosynthesizer sounds that contrast and complement both Thompson's stinging and bawling guitar and his down-in-the-bottom rhythm section. He's also tackled some overtly political topics as well as his more typical politics of the heart—one of his ambitions is to be rock's Milan Kundera (despite Kundera's being an energetic despiser of rock music and kitschy radicalism). So "Jerusalem on the Jukebox" explores a warped future where the world is blanketed by transponder-fed preachers who make Jimmy Swaggart seem appealing, where Shirley MacLaine's vapid egocentrisms are routinely mistaken for thought; "Yankee Go Home" not-so-gently pokes fun at America's inability to recognize the imperial game is no longer afoot.

Tom Waits is part shaman and part vaudevillian. His growling, croaking low-life characterizations are rarely romanticized and never condescending; in that sense, he's the perfect antidote to those Bruce Springsteen tunes where the Boss's perspective gives way to his nostalgia. In Waits's adept hands the modal blues of Willie Dixon meet the *Realpolitik* cabaret of Kurt Weill and explode into the late twentieth century as something not quite like anything else. The sardonically named *Big Time* (Island), which is actually the sound track for the film of that name, culls the alternatively touching and sarcastic tales of Waits's Uncle Frank, which the singer performed on his tour last year. The off-kilter antics of Marc Ribot's fiercely lurching guitar and the adept musicians' ability to leapfrog from gamelan-like sounds to Paris-bistro accordion mirror Waits's narrative mood shifts to perfection. Even if you've got some of this material on earlier Waits albums, get these renderings for themselves and their rearranged context.

Michelle Shocked took her last name from her reaction to being busted at the Democrats' 1984 convention; despite its folksy drapings, her sharp-edged sensibility never lets you forget how she, like Thompson and Waits, is watching the watchers. *Short Sharp Shocked* (PolyGram) is the entirely appropriate title of her latest folk-punk release. Her lush, supple voice is stoked by the blues into a fiery rage or a growling moan, especially when she's dealing with charged topics: "Graffiti Limbo," for instance, tells the sordid tale of the death of Michael Stewart, the graffiti artist allegedly beaten to death by a group of New York City transit cops who were brought to trial only to be acquitted. Producer Pete Anderson—whose inventive guitar stylings and firm but distanced grasp of tradition has been essential to neo-honky-tonker Dwight Yoakam's ascendance—does no less for Shocked. *Short Sharp Shocked* is laced with skidding guitars and hairpin turns on old honky-tonkers' tricks that, combined with Shocked's mordant lyrics, bring that tradition more effectively to contemporary life than anything Yoakam or Randy Travis could manage.

Lonnie Mack isn't neo-anything; the man who cut the vicious guitar classic "Wham!" in 1963 has been through enough label changes to rival even Richard Thompson, who's nearly collected the full set in his attempts to reach a broader audience. Along the way Mack occasionally dumped his roadhouse raunch for misguided versions of the flavor of the month—an old tale though no less sad for that. But his recent albums for the indie Alligator label proved that Mack's blend of gospel-blues vocals and wickedly bent guitar still kicks with gut-bucket fervor; not so coincidentally, that blend moved a lot of product, especially after Keith Richards showed up to jam with him at New York's Lone Star Cafe. So it's good to find him getting another major-label shot with *Roadhouses and Dance Halls* (Epic). From traditional tunes like "Cocaine Blues" to early rockers like Hank Ballard's lewd "Sexy Ways/Annie Had a Baby" to his own newly penned tracks, Mack belies

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the accusation that he's "Too Rock for Country, Too Country for Rock and Roll," as the autobiographical title of the leadoff cut puts it. "When you out there on the floor/It don't matter which way it goes," is how the lyrics see it, and who can argue? Abetted by David Lindley's aching, soaring slide guitar and the feverish beats of his own roadburned backup group, Mack makes the genre categories seem as irrelevant as they are.

No one's ever accused Keith Richards of not being a rocker, but he's always been more avid than most about scavenging other sounds. While co-writer and co-producer Mick Jagger has been drifting hiply (and fruitlessly) into MTV land for his own solo projects, Richards's solo debut shows more clearly than ever which of the Glimmer Twins held the musical reins. On *Talk Is Cheap* (Virgin), grungy guitars, backbone-snapping drums and bump-and-grind basses dominate the mix, but unlike in the Stones' patented wall of mud they don't obliterate everything else. Richards admires the studio techniques the Jamaicans invented for reggae and dub, and you can hear his reaction in the way instruments drop suddenly in and out, how the airy space created by the mix allows the arrangements' tangled skeins to shimmer in different lights as each tune unfurls.

Naturally there are plenty of his signature "Street Fighting Man" riffs, while his torn and frayed vocals stretch endearingly over the pummeling rhythms. But the album's sheer variety testifies to the vitality of Richards's vision and his rep as a walking musical encyclopedia. "Big Enough," shot through with the characteristic beat turnarounds he loves in the blues, is a butt-thumping modal vamp, a James Brown track fed through Richards's own scorched sensibility; winding over the top is J.B.'s main saxman Maceo Parker. "I Could Have Stood You Up" takes a 1950s rockabilly feel and spatters it with snarling guitars; it also features a hammering solo by Chuck Berry's 1950s pianist Johnnie Johnson over a Jordanaires-ish vocal backdrop. But the big surprise may be the ballad "Locked Away"; Richards phrases like Bob Marley, his soul guitar licks counterpoint Michael Doucet's squeezed-out Cajun accordion and Chuck Leavell's open-fifths barrelhouse piano, while Steve Jordan's splashy hi-hat cements the whole mongrelized mélange. That's what I call rock and roll. □

FILMS.

STUART KLAWANS

Dead Ringers
Bird
Running on Empty
Margaret Mead Film Festival
Lesbian & Gay Experimental Film Festival

The scene is a gynecologist's office. Spread-eagled on the examining table, Mrs. Bookman gasps in pain. The procedure, she says with forbearance, is hurting her. Dr. Beverly Mantle rears back, outrage in his eyes, and pulls from her body a surgical retractor fit for a horse. "This," he cries incredulously, "this hurts?"

Mrs. Bookman has gotten off easy. Soon Dr. Mantle, having mainlined heroin in preparation, is staggering glassy-eyed into the operating room, where he unveils his new, made-to-order instruments. They look like parts of insects' bodies, enlarged and gold-plated. "For operating on mutant women," Dr. Mantle explains, just before diving over his patient's body for the oxygen mask, which he clearly needs more than she does.

Here, in the middle of David Cronenberg's *Dead Ringers*, we encounter a situation common to many horror stories. The mad scientist, repelled and fascinated by the unknown territory of the female body, is about to invade his victim. If Cronenberg were a less interesting mind, no doubt *Dead Ringers* would have stayed with this theme, and with great success, too. His scenes of gynecological terror combine a grisly subject with light-fingered technique in just the right way to make an audience squirm with laughter and discomfort. But Cronenberg, to his credit, is not content with that. Those arthropod tools are meant for the flesh of the scientist himself.

Based on the book *Twins*—one of the most inept novels ever to see daylight—*Dead Ringers* takes the crudely sensationalistic premise of the original and transforms it into a lyrical, sensuous and somewhat brooding fable. Beverly Mantle (Jeremy Irons) and his identical twin, Elliot (also Jeremy Irons) are gynecological surgeons famous for their innovative techniques and research. In both their work and their private lives, they have attained a state of perfect equilibrium. Bev is the inside man—the one who performs the surgeries and

TOLL-FREE NATIONAL CALL-IN AND NATIONWIDE RADIO BROADCAST

MARK YOUR CALENDAR—TELL YOUR FRIENDS

PHILIP AGEE ON THE CIA AND COVERT ACTION

A TOLL-FREE NATIONAL CALL-IN WITH:

EMILE DE ANTONIO, WILLIAM SCHAAP, ANDREW COCKBURN, JOHN STOCKWELL, PHILIP AGEE, AND DR. CONSTANTINE MENGES

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27TH, 2-5 P.M. EASTERN TIME,

TRANSMITS FREE TO ALL COMMUNITY PUBLIC RADIO STATIONS COAST-TO-COAST. CALL YOUR COMMUNITY RADIO STATION MANAGER! SAY YOU WANT TO HEAR PHILIP AGEE ON THE CIA: A NATIONAL CALL-IN, WHICH TRANSMITS OCTOBER 27TH FROM 2 TO 5 P.M. EASTERN TIME OVER CHANNEL 7 WESTAR. CONTACT PROGRAM PRODUCER STUART HUTCHISON AT (212) 586-6300.

PHILIP AGEE ON THE CIA: A NATIONAL CALL-IN is a RAM'S HORN PRODUCTION, made possible in part by grants from Mr. Casey Kasem; The Funding Exchange/National Community Funds; the Pacifica Foundation and its five-member listener-supported stations; *The Nation*; the New Jersey Council on the Arts/New Jersey Department of State; Friends of Community Radio; *The Guardian* newspaper; with additional support provided by FOIA-the Fund for Open Information and Accountability, and by IFCO-the Interreligious and Accountability for Community Organizations.

The following stations are committed as of 12 October 1988*

KHSU-Arcata CA
WRFG-Atlanta GA
KGNU-Boulder CO
KUMD-Duluth MN
KLCC-Eugene OR
WOJB-Hayward WI
KPFT-Houston TX
WORT-Madison WI
WBAI-New York NY
KILI-Porcupine SD
WHUS-Storrs CT
KPFA-San Francisco/Berkeley CA
WRPI-Albany/Troy NY
KUNM-Albuquerque NM
KPFK-Los Angeles CA
KFAI-Minneapolis MN
KRCL-Salt Lake City UT
KMUD-Garberville CA
KUSP-Santa Cruz CA
WPFW-Washington DC
WYSO-Yellow Springs OH
KCMU-Seattle WA
KBOO-Portland OR

*For up-dates, contact Stuart Hutchison

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LE ROUGE ET LE NOIR!

Nation T-shirts are available in either le classique red or le basic black. Both T-shirts are 100 percent cotton with white lettering. "The Nation" is printed on the front and "Since 1865" on the back.

Cost **$10.95*** each, postpaid.

Le Special Discount for orders 3 or more: $8.95 each

Delivery in two weeks.

Please send me ____ red T-shirts in the following sizes __S, __M, __L, __XL.

Please send me ____ black T-shirts in the following sizes __S, __M, __L, __XL.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

Send orders to: The Nation, Box RN, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

*New York residents add appropriate sales tax. Foreign orders add 33 percent. Checks/money orders payable to The Nation.

8838

stays bent over the microscope. Elliot is the outside man—the one who makes speeches and sweet-talks the grant-givers. Elliot is also skilled at seduction. He has a way with women—and he makes sure that Bev gets to have his way with them, too. Bev doesn't know how to approach a woman on his own, so he relies on Elliot to set him up. Besides, the brothers like to share experiences.

Enter Claire Niveau (Genevieve Bujold), a movie star who is trying to overcome infertility. Elliot romances her; Bev beds her. It's all normal, as far as the twins are concerned. But Claire senses the difference between them. When she learns she's been sleeping with two men and not one, she makes sure that both get a piece of her mind, including the revelation that they are *not* identical. Apparently, Mr. Inside and Mr. Outside can be separated. In fact, the inner man *wants* his autonomy. So begins the process of disintegration that leads to Mrs. Bookman's agony and the operations on mutant women.

Perhaps this is beginning to sound like Kierkegaard Made Simple; and on one level, it is. In past films such as *Videodrome* and *The Fly*, which were far less self-consciously serious, Cronenberg severely tested his audience's gag reflexes but rarely tried their patience. With *Dead Ringers*, though, he has slowed the pace and cut way back on the corporeal disgust, risking everything on the power of a metaphor. *Dead Ringers* promises cheap, gleeful thrills and delivers a few; but it is essentially a story about the true meaning of inner beauty. It turns into a horror film only because the characters take that phrase literally.

"We should have beauty contests for the *insides* of bodies," Elliot remarks, as he peers into Claire Niveau for the first time. "Most beautiful spleen, and so forth." Later that day, as she sits with Elliot at dinner, Claire looks deep into his eyes and says, "Tell me about my uterus." Such is romance; and romantic disillusionment, when it comes, is an equally literal-minded affair. As he slips into madness, Beverly takes to ranting that all his patients look all right on the outside, but inside they are *all wrong*. "I don't know what's going on out there," he informs his brother. "The patients are getting strange." But, of course, it is the doctor himself who has become strange—not the smooth-talking, amoral public Dr. Mantle but the sensitive, sincere, inward one.

In his dual, or really quadruple, role, Jeremy Irons gets to play pretty much every combination of emotions one could imagine. If one may descibe his work in self-contradictory terms—and why not, since that's the spirit of the film—he performs with understated bravura. In her role, Genevieve Bujold is, if anything, even more complex than Irons. Over the last few years, in films such as *Choose Me* and *Tightrope*, Bujold has been turning into an iconic actress. And a novel icon she is—the strong, articulate, self-reliant masochist. In *Dead Ringers*, practically the first words out of her mouth are, "I want to be humiliated." Well, yes—but only on her own terms. Humiliate her in a way not of her choosing, and she'll cut you dead. I think most feminists will be able to enjoy *Dead Ringers*. Just don't see it immediately before your next Pap smear.

Perhaps someday, when Spike Lee is full of years but no less replete with piss and vinegar, he will film the life of Charlie Parker. For Lee, this might be the challenge that the life of Jesus represented to Martin Scorsese—the epic subject that would call forth all of his skill, his personal history, his idiosyncrasies and obsessions.

It is not necessarily sacrilegious to say that the two lives, taken as narratives, are remarkably similar. Both stories combine national epic, intense psychological drama and spiritual transcendence. In Parker's case, the story involves a major turning point in the history of black Americans: in their sense of identity, their social and political relations with whites, their self-assertion as artists. Parker, as the key figure in the development of be-bop, was more than a mere symbol of these changes. He lived them; he pushed them further; and he paid the price. By age 34, he was dead—martyred, some would say—only a year older than Jesus. And he was resurrected no less promptly, in graffiti that insisted "Bird Lives."

Notoriously self-destructive, Parker appalled his more levelheaded admirers by his addictions. Those same addictions thrilled his hipster followers, who were eager for that sense of underground nihilism. How much of Parker's junk-shooting and heavy drinking resulted from despair at his condition, how much from the conviction that artists are *supposed* to be doomed, how much from inner problems that were all his own? The question is undecidable. All we can say is that, out of the obscenity

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of American racism, out of his personal chaos, Bird created music of perfect beauty and freedom. He was the American Mozart—a genius of perpetual invention, whose art turned even the bleakest emotions into clarity and order. Someone—if not Spike Lee, then a comparably nervy and ambitious filmmaker—will eventually prove worthy of this great and terrible subject.

Meanwhile, we have Clint Eastwood's *Bird*. Eastwood has a genuine love of jazz—he is known to be an able pianist—and clearly intends this very long and very somber film to be the epic that is called for. Eastwood must also feel a kinship with one facet in particular of Parker's suffering. Just as high-art critics scorned be-bop as being less than serious, so have the snobs derided Eastwood's pictures. Perhaps this is the reason Eastwood has made *Bird* into such a dignified film—too dignified by half.

The film I long to see about Bird would be an epic, but it would seem as swift as "Ko-Ko." Although Parker's music could go very deep, it never was somber. Nor was it long. Charles Mingus once claimed he had never heard Bird play more than three choruses of a tune at one time. Past that, Mingus said, and even Bird ran the risk of repeating himself. So he said what he had to say—fleetly, lightly, brilliantly—and shut up. I wish Eastwood had emulated his example.

Instead, he has taken dramaturgy as corny as that of any long-moldering Warner Bros. biopic and merged it with funereal pacing, portentous symbolism, needlessly complicated chronology. A cymbal, representing Death but looking like a U.F.O., repeatedly flies across the screen against a smoky blue background. The murky lighting Eastwood favors turns every scene into a Dutch Master composition—something Attributed to Rembrandt and in need of cleaning for two centuries. Flashbacks and flashforwards swallow each other, then disgorge chunks of narrative seemingly at random. The most casual scenes drag; while some of the most important scenes in Bird's life never make it to the screen at all.

Bird belonged to many circles of American society; but the one that was crucial to him was a small group that included Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk, Bud Powell, Miles Davis, Max Roach, Charles Mingus and Jackie McLean. I think he made sense to himself only when he was in their milieu—and that is precisely the context lacking in *Bird*. Of all these black musicians, only Dizzy appears in the film. That's like dropping Mont Blanc into the middle of Kansas and declaring you've represented the Alps. There is, however, a white musician in *Bird* who gets as much screen time as Diz himself: Red Rodney.

I mean no disrespect to Rodney, an excellent musician who was indeed one of Bird's intimates. I just can't understand the purpose of turning *Bird* into a black-white buddy picture. Maybe, as a white man on the periphery of jazz, Eastwood identifies with Rodney; maybe he felt this was the only way to sell the story to a mass audience; maybe he saw this as his chance to reinforce the film's antidrug message. (Rodney was not content to express his admiration for Bird through music; he had to shoot dope, too, though Parker tried to stop him.) For whatever reason, the Parker-Rodney story becomes central to *Bird*, as fully developed as the drama of Bird's marriage to Chan Richardson. The beboppers had a word for this sort of thing: *jive*.

But *Bird* does something worse than falsify Parker's story. It falsifies his sound. Through a much-discussed technical innovation, the filmmakers have lifted Bird's solos from records and combined them with newly recorded rhythm section tracks. The results are uneven. At worst, they take the cutting edge off Bird's tone, making his alto saxophone sound darker and a little hollow, so that it sometimes has the timbre of a clarinet.

The actors in *Bird*—Diane Venora as Chan, Michael Zelniker as Rodney, Samuel E. Wright as Diz—are uniformly excellent. I reserve special praise for Forest Whitaker in the title role. Audiences know him, if at all, as the pool-player from Chicago who hustled Paul Newman in *The Color of Money*. He brings no previous screen identity to his role and has the additional advantage of looking a lot like Bird. But that does not account for the way he embodies Charlie Parker. He succeeds on pure sweat. I only wish he'd been given the chance to show more than the crazy, self-destructive side of the man. By all accounts, Bird was witty, sardonic, sexy, arrogant and so insightful that friends thought him psychic. Characters in *Bird* sometimes talk about these qualities, but the film hardly portrays them. Instead, it shows us a Charlie Parker who reeled through life like a wounded animal, pulling himself together occasionally to play a brilliant solo or a modest practical joke. More's the pity, since Whitaker seems

"If you've been searching for something to enhance the sensual side of your life... Yellow Silk offers fiction, poetry, art, reminiscences, and reviews of material that celebrate the erotic in a way that manages to be both tasteful and juicy. The writing ranges from earthy and funny to tender and thoughtful, and the art is exquisite. Highly recommended."

Neshama Franklin
Medical Self-Care

Yellow Silk
Journal of Erotic Arts

"All persuasions; no brutality."

W.S. Merwin • Ntozake Shange • Susan Griffin • Robert Silverberg • Mayumi Oda Jean Genet • Tee Corinne • Pierre Louys Gary Soto • Judy Dater • Marge Piercy Jessica Hagedorn • William Kotzwinkle Eric Gill • Marilyn Hacker • Ivan Argüelles Charlotte Mendez • Octavio Paz

YS, P.O. Box 6374, Albany CA 94706
$20/year • Quarterly

NAME

ADDRESS

OUTSIDE U.S., ADD $6/SURFACE, $12/AIR PER YEAR. U.S. FUNDS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

capable of portraying the real Parker.

Eastwood has labored mightily on *Bird*. He deserves a lot of credit—I doubt any other Hollywood filmmaker would even have considered this project, let alone brought such deep respect to it. Yet the Charlie Parker story remains untold. Spike Lee: Will you at least *think* about it?

In 1971, Annie and Arthur Pope bombed a napalm factory, destroying not just some property but the eyesight of a worker, who had the bad luck to be passing through an area they had decided would be deserted. The Popes went underground with their infant son, Danny. Pursued by Federal agents, they took up life in a succession of towns under a succession of aliases.

By the late 1980s, they have become much like any other middle-class American family. Now Annie oversees the household and takes pink-collar jobs; Arthur works as a cook and does a little community organizing on the side; Danny tries hard to make the baseball team at his high school. In a society where nuclear families have become the exception rather than the rule, the Popes are, if anything, more normal than their neighbors—except, of course, when the dark sedans start cruising by their home and they once more have to get out of town fast.

One might imagine, from a bare description of this premise, that *Running on Empty* is a political film—at least a film that reflects on political commitments, past and present. If you go to see it with such expectations, you will be disappointed. If you go looking for family melodrama, though, you will most likely feel richly rewarded. As directed by Sidney Lumet from a screenplay by Naomi Foner, *Running on Empty* is a visually messy but emotionally satisfying tearjerker—satisfying, I would say, just because it is a mess.

The muse of melodrama is no doubt the most lackadaisical of immortals, celebrated through the ages as the cheapest date on Parnassus. She works by magnifying the domestic emotions, justifying to us our most common feelings by imagining uncommon motivations for them. Many women feel trapped in their marriages; but Annie feels trapped because the F.B.I. is chasing her. Many teenagers have trouble communicating; but Danny can't make friends because his whole life is a secret. Many fathers resist letting their sons leave home; but Arthur can't let Danny go for fear of never seeing him again. Given her love for such extreme situations, the muse of melodrama—let us call her Luridia—is most alluring when she is allowed to be a bit frumpy. Dressed up, with insistently artful camerawork and editing, she often becomes laughable; the audience knows she's a fake. But in blue jeans, Luridia loses her pushiness. If she has blessed *Running on Empty*, it is partly because Lumet seems not to have cared very much where he placed his camera or what he had in the frame. To a large extent, he gives one the impression of having simply let the scenes happen. The viewer is thus left free to make discoveries about the characters, to understand things that are left unseen.

One understands, for example, what a boon the fugitive life has been for Arthur (Judd Hirsch). He is a goodhearted but rather weak man, more suited to organizing food co-ops than blowing up napalm factories. The idea for the bombing, we eventually learn, was not his but Annie's. Now, because of the family's situation, Arthur gets to be Daddy. He barks orders, makes pronouncements, drills Danny in the details of his cover story. He even gets to keep Annie.

As played by Christine Lahti, Annie is a woman who takes her marriage as a form of penance. Fairly early in the film, we see that her sexual feelings for Arthur, perhaps never all that strong, have faded. When a comrade in the underground drops by the house to see her after many years, it takes only a minute till she's on her back on the sofa, purring as he gives her a foot massage. Would she have an affair with him? Of course—but Luridia decrees he will have guns in the trunk of his car and be planning a bank robbery. Annie tells him emphatically to get lost, then finds comfort in the arms of the only man she now truly loves—her son Danny.

Bright, handsome, musically talented, Danny (River Phoenix) is forever attracting people and forever refusing their attention. He cannot allow himself to make close friends; so it is a crisis when he begins to fall in love with Lorna (Martha Plimpton), the daughter of his high-school music teacher. Something of a deliberate flake, she both enjoys his air of aloofness and is frustrated by it. "You don't transmit too much information," she tells him. Then, breaking his family's most necessary rule, he does.

Given the film's central role, River Phoenix quietly goes about making Danny into a "magnificent" kid, as Arthur proclaims him. There's just enough of a sense of disturbance under the surface to make him seem both plausible and likable. One senses that lying has become automatic to him; he sometimes does it without reason, occasionally slipping into something like willful destructiveness—as much as he can, anyway, given his family's nonstop ethical pulse-taking. It's an admirable performance, fully matched by Christine Lahti's Annie. Lahti has to wait until late in the film to get her big moments; when they arrive, she milks them for everything they're worth. As Arthur, Judd Hirsch is put through the indignity of a drunk scene—one of the film's falsest notes—and puts everyone else through a bit too much TV-actor cuteness. His years in sitcoms have given him a tendency to do things the easy way; here, in what is admittedly the film's most thankless role, he succeeds most of the time in overcoming that occupational hazard.

Which scenes of *Running on Empty* have stayed with me? There are two, which are most notable for what they don't do. They don't advance the plot; they don't have any memorable dialogue; they don't involve dramatic camerawork or showy acting. In one, a scene at the end of Annie's birthday party, the family simply dances around the living room to the radio. In the other, Annie comes into the room in the high school where Danny is practicing the piano, sits next to him, and without a word begins to play the treble part of a simple duet. Without a word, he joins in with the bass. At a time when filmmaking seems to be dominated by theme-park pictures such as *Die Hard*, or well-meaning but relentlessly programmed ones such as *Eight Men Out*, it is a blessed relief to come upon scenes such as these two, which respect the audience enough to let them understand and feel on their own. Luridia may have misled the filmmakers occasionally this time; but on the whole, she and her servants deserve our homage.

The Margaret Mead Film Festival, at the American Museum of Natural History, included some of the smartest, funniest and most moving films I've seen this year. Readers who are looking for a really good time at the movies might keep in mind the following sample of the festival's fifty-three films. With luck, they will turn up in other festivals, in schools, on television—wherever people understand that "documentary" and "en-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tertainment" are not antithetical concepts.

Talking to the Enemy, by Mira Hamermesh, records a visit to Israel by a young Palestinian activist. Now a resident of Washington, D.C., where she works under a photograph of herself shaking hands with Yasir Arafat, she is the granddaughter of Hassan Shukri, for many years the mayor of Haifa. In 1987, she agreed to visit Israel at the invitation of an elderly kibbutznik who is active in the peace movement—a man who, as it happens, grew up in Haifa on Hassan Shukri Street. It would be useless, and no doubt redundant, to recount here the political differences that separate the two. The film does not disguise their conflict; indeed, toward the end, the Palestinian flatly declares the situation to be insoluble. Yet the human connection between these people has grown so strong that, moments later, the Israeli's wife and the Palestinian are weeping in each other's arms. At this point, it does not matter that the film, in formal terms, is a bit muddled. By helping to bring these people together, and by providing a link between them and an audience, Mira Hamermesh has brought out the most humane possibilities of both her subjects and her medium. There wasn't a dry eye in the screening room.

Cannibal Tours, by Dennis O'Rourke, begins with the proposition that "There is nothing so strange in a strange land as the stranger who comes to visit it." Neatly reversing the traditions of ethnographic filmmaking, O'Rourke takes his camera up the Sepik River in Papua, New Guinea, and photographs, not the natives, but other Westerners, who have come to look at the villagers. His subjects are European and American tourists, all of them skilled in the use of cameras and eager to buy primitive artifacts. Commentary on these subjects comes from a series of villagers: a woman who complains the tourists don't buy enough of her handicrafts; a young man who makes his living letting the tourists photograph him; an old man who tells us the natives say that tourists are ancestors who have "changed their skins and come back to visit us. We know they're not really ancestors," he explains, smiling, "but that's what we say." Composed with unusual rigor, *Cannibal Tours* challenges not only the assumptions of tourism and, by implication, anthropology, but questions the process of filmmaking as well. The shots are beautifully ordered; but the off-camera sounds, which constantly spill over the images, help remind the viewer of everything that has been left out of the frame, everything that escaped the documentarian's artifice.

Cane Toads: An Unnatural History was shown in last year's New Directions/New Films series and will go into national release on a happy day in the near future. This is Mark Lewis's wildly funny, true-life horror story about a humble amphibian, imported to Australia in the 1930s, which is now making its bid for world domination. It's gotten as far as Brisbane, anyway. Finally, let me offer thanks for *Celebration*, by Karen Kramer, a tribute to the people who make costumes—actually one-person floats—for the annual West Indian Carnival in Brooklyn. Kramer does not pretend to be anything but an all-out enthusiast for her subjects; and why not? The costumes they create are bigger and gaudier than anything Frank Stella ever made; and people don't just hang them on walls—they *dance* in them.

By the time this appears, the Second New York Lesbian and Gay Experimental Film Festival will have ended its run in Manhattan. But since there will be other showings—at Pittsburgh Filmmakers in October and at Hallwalls in Buffalo in November—a quick review might be in order.

I say "quick" because, of the films I've seen, most are candidates for conversion into guitar picks. Even if you love experimental films—and people have told me, often with a hint of condescension, that I have more tolerance than most—you're likely to find the series a depressing affair. There are political films with all the nuance of a tantrum, formal essays with no sense of form, diary films by people who lead stunningly dull lives. Even George Kuchar, one of the filmmakers closest to my heart, falls flat this time. But before this starts to sound like a reactionary rant, let me point out two truly good films in the program.

The first is a revival of *je tu il elle*, a 1974 feature by Chantal Ackerman. Made at the beginning of her career, it is a slow, deliberate, studied film, organized neatly into three sections, each with its particular setting, action and personal relationship. The remarkable thing about *je tu il elle*, however, is not the dispassionate clarity of its form but the explosive power of its climax. The twin themes of this film, obsession and alienation, emerge in the first section, as the protagonist, alone in an all-but-unfur-

EVENTS.

Toll-free national call-in and nationwide radio broadcast
PHILIP AGEE ON THE CIA & COVERT ACTION
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 2 TO 5 PM
See page 431 for details

Public meeting
THE NEW YORK HEMLOCK SOCIETY
Join the growing support for legalized euthanasia for the terminally ill. Hear **Derek Humphrey**, founder and executive director of the Hemlock Society. Listen to **Pat Brophy**, who struggled for years to have her brain-dead husband removed from life-support systems.
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 6 TO 8 PM
Community Church
40 East 35th Street
Admission free. For more information: (212) 807-5548.

POLITICS AND ELECTION
Organized by GROUP MATERIAL
Exhibition: OCTOBER 15 TO NOVEMBER 12
Tuesday to Saturday 12 to 6 PM
77 Wooster Street
New York City
Town Meeting: Public Discussion
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 8 PM
155 Mercer Street
Free Admission. Agenda available Dia Art Foundation: (212) 431-9232.

A forum on
ECONOMIC VIOLENCE AT HOME AND ABROAD
Speakers: **Bill Tabb**, **Lloyd D'Aguilar**, **Joy James**, **Ron Blackwell**. Focus on immigration, labor, racist violence, drugs and communities, global debt.
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 9 AM TO 4 PM
777 UN Plaza, 8th Floor
(44th Street and First Avenue)
New York City
For more information, call (212) 473-3689. Sponsored by Debt Crisis Network, Learning Alliance, U.S.-Mexico Dialogos.

SURGE AND GRIDLOCK IN THE EASTERN BLOC:
Prospects for Democracy and Détente
Christopher Hitchens, columnist for *The Nation*, co-editor with Edward Said of *Blaming the Victims* and author of the forthcoming book *Prepared for the Worst*. **Joanne Landy**, director of CPD/EW and author of "Can Summits Replace the Peace Movement?" in the November issue of *Tikkun*. **Lawrence Weschler**, author, *The Passion of Poland* and staff writer at *The New Yorker* where his most recent article on Poland appeared August 29.
Chair: Jeffrey Goldfarb Moderator: Thomas Harrison
MONDAY, OCTOBER 24, 7 PM
The New School, Room 242
65 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Admission free. For more information, call CPD/EW at (212) 724-1157.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUBSCRIBING TO OUR PRINCIPLES ISN'T ENOUGH.

You should be subscribing to our magazine, too.

Because *The Nation* brings you the likes of Arthur C. Danto, Edward Sorel and Penny Lernoux in every issue.

They're not only some of the best writers and illustrators around—they do their best work for us.

The Nation.

THE NATION
BOX 1953, MARION, OH 43305

YES! I WANT TO SUBSCRIBE TO YOUR MAGAZINE, TOO. Send me 24 issues of *The Nation* for $15, a saving of a full 50 percent off the newsstand price. I understand that I may cancel at any time and receive a refund for all unmailed copies.

NAME (Please print)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

☐ Double my saving. Send me a full year (47 issues) for $28.
☐ My payment is enclosed—reward me with FOUR FREE ADDITIONAL ISSUES.
☐ Please bill me later.

Foreign surface postage: add $7/24 issues, $14/one year. Air Mail rates available upon request. Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

D838

nished room, writes a letter to her absent lover while eating piles of sugar out of a brown paper bag. This goes on for quite a long time; but the attention one expends on this first sequence is more than repaid in the film's final section. The protagonist connects with her lover—connects so thoroughly that audiences usually leave the theater a little glassy-eyed.

The second film worth noting is Su Friedrich's *Gently Down the Stream*, which can be described about as easily as you can hold on to a handful of water. I cannot tell you what it's about. I suspect Friedrich can't, either, although she has tried honorably at times. Suffice it to say that she has an artist's instinctive sense of film—she expresses herself in it with a freedom and rightness that strike the viewer immediately. When the last image leaves the screen, you may not be able to say what you've seen, but you know what you've felt. □

EXCHANGE.

(*Continued From Page 406*)

movie, and the lively mental processes that can accompany a foreign-language play may have little to do with the author's genius or the director's efforts to serve that genius.

As to the work of Kantor, I gather that you liked it as little as I did. Surely it is no defense of the obscurities of bad art to say that they are self-referential to earlier work of the artist (which I would probably dislike as much as this). As to its being representative of a certain all-too-common type of avant-garde art, I trust most of my readers will recognize, from my description, what type that is. I mentioned Foreman, but I have seen exactly the same sort of thing for the thirty-one years I've lived in New York. The budgets may vary, as too may the degree of visual flair. (I'd give Kantor a low 2, on a scale of 10, in that category, and that was his high card!) Whatever the man's historic roots, it's by his fruits he must be judged. One needn't study the historical record of all an emperor's public appearances to be able to say he's naked. I don't mean to suggest that all Kantor's *models* are without merit, since I haven't seen them, but I do think that "performance art" has developed an aesthetic that is easily adapted to the purposes of a charlatan. By assiduously stripping away all that is discursive, as plot, character and rhetoric, the artist secures a good defensive position against criticism—at the loss, however, of possible communication. Even Axel's Castle must have a few windows for the artist to wave from.

I hope my column will give me occasion to develop my ideas about what is characteristically meretricious in the current avant-garde scene. The best account I've read was a lengthy description by Mimi Kramer, in her days at the *New Criterion*, of an evening of diverse performance pieces. Much of what she saw as symptomatic I do, too, but I differ from her in my diagnosis of the political implications. She seems to think that what is bogus in such posturings derives from, or is an essential component of, liberal politics. I think, instead, that just as a "patriotic" scoundrel like Oliver North can wrap his crimes in the flag to evade judgment, so bad artists would escape criticism by shaking their fists at authority figures and championing "little people." When bums assert their faith in the ideal of universal brotherhood, look to your billfold.

And that is, of course, what the argument is about, and why it's worth viewing and reviewing works like Kantor's, since all such work is supported by public funding, and bad artists are often very talented in the arts of grantsmanship. And a large part of *that* art lies in coercing good opinions (or none) from the intellectual part of the press.

You ask why I bother to express contempt for work most readers of *The Nation* cannot see, and which may even have closed before the review is printed. I suppose it must be a critic's always immodest valuation of his own two cents' worth. What are the alternatives? Never, as Thumper's mother advises, to say anything if you can't say something nice? Show-biz boosters like *Theater Weekly* actually advocate this! To speak ill only of the commercial theater, because it's big and can "take it"? Is there a sacred circle of "our kind" whose work is to be spared honest appraisal? One of the reasons there is so much bogus avant-garde art is because there is a gentleman's agreement in the national press to let bohemia go its own way, unexamined and unremarked, leaving it to a few very friendly venues to establish the record. I cannot claim your erudition with regard to the history of avant-garde theater, but I have, while it lasts, another kind of advantage: independence of judgment. I am not a member of the club, and am free to speak my mind.

Thomas M. Disch

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double spaced and no longer than 300 words, please.

The Graduate Faculty

Wayne Waxman
Bernard Weitzman
Rhonda Williams
Arnold Wilson

For *everyone* in The Graduate Faculty, *A through Z*, write or call for a Bulletin: Graduate Faculty, New School for Social Research, 65 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10003
(212) 741-5710

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

While we reserve the right to refuse any advertisement we believe to be fraudulent, illegal or offensive, The Nation *wishes its readers to know: we don't have the facilities to check the promises made by our advertisers, and we have a strong presumption against censoring any advertisement, especially if we disagree with its politics.*

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

TINY MANHATTAN PIED-A-TERRE, Chelsea, available Thursdays through Sundays, $250 per month. Call (516) 725-0257 Friday-Monday.

BOOKLETS

SCHOLARLY BOOKLET PROVES JESUS NEVER EXISTED!

Conclusive proof Flavius Josephus created fictional Jesus, authored Gospels. AMAZING but **ABSOLUTELY INCONTROVERTIBLE!** Send $4 to Abelard Reuchlin Foundation, Box 5652-B, Kent WA 98064. SASE for details.

THE CHRIST HAS RETURNED. For His predictions send SASE to Tara Center, Box 6001, N. Hollywood, CA 91603.

BOOKS

NEW PUBLICATIONS PRACTICE PRESS. *History Is the Cure: A Social Therapy Reader*, Lois Holzman, Hugh Polk editors. $11.95 plus $2 postage. *The Psycho-Pathology of Everyday Racism and Sexism*, Leonora Fulani, editor. $9.95 plus $2 postage. Practice Press, 175 West 72nd Street, New York, NY 10023.

WE ARE THE SOURCE for Soviet books in English. Phone 1-(800) 345-2665 for our catalog. Imported Publications.

BOOK SEARCH SERVICE

Wm CAXTON BOOK SEARCH, PO Box 1050, Evanston, IL 60204-1050. Send your phone and address with wants. (312) 475-1800.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

SIDELINE BUSINESS using innovative distributive marketing system. Listen to prerecorded message. (315) 437-3783 (Address/Ext. 456-3148).

CASSETTES

A CONVERSATION WITH I.F. STONE AT 80

Tapes of this unique Nation Institute/New School event are now available. Each 2-tape set is $20. Send check or money order payable to The Nation Institute to: "Stone Tapes," The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

DISSENTING VOICES

Noam Chomsky: *Thought Control in Democracy*

Alexander Cockburn: Manufacturing Consent

Edward Said: The Question of Palestine

$8 each cassette. Write for free catalog. David Barsamian, 1814 Spruce, Boulder, CO 80302.

COMPUTERS

LONG-TIME NATION EMPLOYEE, now computer consultant, is selling IBM-compatible computers and providing computer training and support to *Nation* readers in the New York City area. Special rates for nonprofit organizations and those on low incomes. Call Mark at Present Day Products (718) 934-2861.

COUNSELING

PERSONAL PROBLEMS? Caring, mature, experienced clinical psychotherapist will help you resolve them. Short-term treatment where possible. Sliding scale. East midtown. (212) 466-6775.

WOMAN PSYCHOTHERAPIST, 20+ years experience, Ph.D. in clinical psychology. Insight-oriented and analytic. Crisis intervention; short-term intensive psychoanalytic approach. Free consultation. Sliding scale. Carnegie Hall vicinity, New York City. (212) 582-5508.

EDUCATION

CASA NICARAGUENSE DE ESPANOL

All Nicaragua is a school!

A SPANISH LANGUAGE, POLITICAL AND CULTURAL STUDY CENTER IN MANAGUA, NICARAGUA

- Study Spanish four hours daily at all levels
- Live with a Nicaraguan family
- Meet with representatives from government institutions and mass organizations
- Visit cooperatives, community projects and attend cultural events
- Travel to different regions of Nicaragua

ENTRY DATES 1988:
May 2 July 25 Oct. 17
May 30 Aug. 22 Nov. 14
June 27 Sept. 19 Dec. 12

CNE

CNE also teaches English to the leaders of the mass organizations. Interested teachers please write for information

Send self-addressed stamped envelope to:
2330 W. THIRD ST., Ste. 4 LOS ANGELES, CA 90057
(213) 386-8077

LEARN SPANISH, QUICHE, MAM in Guatemala. One-on-one, 5 hours daily, family living, seminars, field trips. Casa Xelaju de Español. Box 11264, Milwaukee, WI 53211. (414) 372-5570.

STUDY SPANISH Cuernavaca, Mexico. Family stay, meals $10 daily. Educational Travel, PO Box 373-N, Brockport, NY 14420.

NICA SCHOOL—ESTELI, NICARAGUA. NICA's programs offer Spanish classes, sociopolitical seminars, volunteer work and living with Nicaraguan families. Scholarships available. Call or write today! PO Box 1409-XX, Cambridge, MA 02238. (617) 497-7142.

SPEAK SPANISH. Cuernavaca Language School, the place to learn it. Five hours each day. Cultural activities, field trips and excursions. Family living. Apdo. 4-254, 62430 Cuernavaca, Mexico (73) 15-46-43.

Want to brush up on a foreign language?

With AUDIO-FORUM's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign language skills. We offer foreign-language mystery dramas, music, games, dialogues recorded in Paris and more. Call 1-800-243-1234 for FREE 32-p. catalog, or write: AUDIO-FORUM®
Dept. 415 Guilford, CT 06437

GAMES & PUZZLES

FIFTY CRYPTIC PUZZLES (Frank Lewis genre). 128-page book $6.95. Barry Tunick, 4470 Elenda, Culver City, CA 90230.

THE NATION'S BEST Puzzles! Book 5 of these British-style crosswords, $5.50 postpaid. Write E.S. Lewis, 32 Pembroke Avenue, Acushnet MA 02743.

GIFTS

CAT LOVERS AGAINST THE BOMB. 1989 Wall Calendar. Great gift idea, $6.95 ppd. Nebraskans for Peace, 129 North 10th, #426E, Lincoln, NE 68508.

MERCHANDISE

GOVERNMENT SEIZED vehicles from $100. Fords. Mercedes. Corvettes. Chevys. Surplus. Buyers Guide. (805) 687-6000, Ext. S-3596.

NATION CASES AND BINDERS

Organize and protect your back issues of *The Nation*. Both cases and binders are covered in an attractive dark red leatherette with a gold *Nation* logo. 1 case or binder holds 6 months (1 volume).

Cases $7.95, 3 for $21.95, 6 for $39.95.
Binders $9.95, 3 for $27.95, 6 for $52.95.
Add $1 per unit for postage/handling.

Send order to: The Nation, Jesse Jones Industries, Dept N
499 E. Erie Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19134
Major credit cards accepted for orders over $15
To charge call 1-(800) 972-5858

Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

Foreign orders add $2.50/unit. Payment in U.S. currency.
Pa. residents add 6% sales tax.

MISCELLANEOUS

RUSSIAN TYPEWRITERS, Brand new Hermes portable, $175. Also, English and other language typewriters. Russian language instruction. Jacob Sachs, 251 West 98th Street, New York, NY 10025. (212) 222-6683.

PROTEST ARREST AND HARASSMENT OF LIBYANS. The new Libyan lawsuit filed in April was not coincidentally followed by the arrest of Libyans in July. All African Peoples Revolutionary Party members and Vernon Bellecourt of the American Indian Movement were singled out for defying the unconstitutional travel ban because of their political effectiveness. Robert Redford, recently targetted because of his trip to Cuba, has called travel ban prosecutions a "witch hunt." To participate in a nationwide movement to stop travel bans, please contact Sherry Reedy, PO Box 671211, Houston, TX 77267.

YOUR OLD *NATION*s will be put to good use by our binding department. If you have old issues—especially from the late 1970s—and would like to donate them to the *Nation* library, please write to Nation Box 276, or call Mark Caldeira at (212) 242-8400.

ORGANIZATIONS

NATIONAL WRITERS UNION. Collective bargaining. Grievance procedures. Health insurance. Journalists, authors, poets, commercial writers. National Writers Union, Box C, 13 Astor Place, New York, NY 10003.

WOULD YOU LIKE to be more closely involved with *The Nation*? Join The Nation Associates and get behind the scenes at America's oldest weekly journal of opinion. Call Sandra Zickefoose (212) 242-8400.

DEMOCRATIC SOCIALISM! For free literature contact the Socialist Party, 516 West 25th Street, New York, NY 10001.

THE NATIONAL
HEMLOCK SOCIETY
P. O. Box 11830
Eugene, OR 97440-3900
Telephone: 503/342-5748

Voluntary Euthanasia for the Terminally Ill

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

PERSONALS

PERSONALS ADVERTISERS

A Nation box number and weekly forwarding service is available for a one-time $10 charge added to the cost of your classified ad.

CONCERNED SINGLES NEWSLETTER
links compatible singles concerned about peace, justice, environment. Nationwide. All ages. Since 1984. Free sample: Box 555-A, Stockbridge, MA 01262.

CONNECT WITH like-minded selective singles. Nationwide network. All ages. Free details. CONNECT, Box 09506-N, Columbus, OH 43209.

SCANDINAVIA—AUSTRALIA—THE WORLD: Friendship/marriage for educated, sincere singles. Scanna International, PO Box 4-NT, Pittsford, NY 14534. (718) 586-3170.

SF, 37, LEFTIST, enjoys intelligent conversation, travel, reading, Italy, working out, laughing. Seeks like-minded egalitarian man. Nation Box 484.

MEET CHRISTIAN SINGLES. Local, worldwide. By phone or mail. Free brochure/samples: 1-(800) 323-8113, Ext. 477.

MID-60S, SOFT-SPOKEN, sensitive, witty, active Long Islander. D.M. Willing to travel to meet counterpart. Nation Box 487.

SUPPORT GROUP FOR SINGLES IN MANHATTAN seeking 40+ nonsmoking creative people for enrichment and exchange of ideas. Call (212) 989-2308 or (212) 874-5645.

LOVELY, LITHE, LEFTIST LADY, psychologist/writer, in search of sane, sensitive, substantial man, age 35-45. Nation Box 488.

If responding to a Nation Box number send replies to: Nation Box _____, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

AIRLINES NOW HIRING. Flight Attendants, Travel Agents, Mechanics, Customer Service. Listings. Salaries to $105,000. Entry level positions. Call (805) 687-6000 Ext. A-3596.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

Engineers, Technicians, Translators
Computer and Health Professionals
Mechanics, Skilled Tradespersons, etc.
NICARAGUA NEEDS YOU!
Volunteers are urgently needed for short- and long-term training and consulting positions in various governmental and non-governmental agencies. Trips leave every month.
TECNICA, Dept. N, 3254 Adeline St.
Berkeley, CA 94703 (415) 655-3838

COMMUNITY JOBS, socially responsible jobs and internships. Subscribe to the only nationwide newspaper listing, covering lobbying, organizing, environment, disarmament and more. $9/6 issues. COMMUNITY JOBS, Box 1205N, 1516 P Street NW, Washington, DC 20005.

WORK, TRAVEL IN NICARAGUA. Architects and Planners in Support of Nicaragua offer: Technical Assistance—volunteer work assignments in many trades and disciplines; Delegations—10 days, learn about Nicaragua Libre firsthand (next January 5-January 14); Building Brigades—building in rural communities, 6-week periods between December and June. Call (213) 455-1340; write APSNICA, PO Box 1151, Topanga, CA 90290.

Teachers, Skilled Tradespersons,
Doctors, Nurses, Computer Professionals,
Technicians, etc.
VOLUNTEER IN SOUTHERN AFRICA
TECNICA is sponsoring volunteer training and consulting positions in Mozambique, Zambia and Tanzania. Your help is needed now.
TECNICA, Dept. N, 3254 Adeline St.
Berkeley, CA 94703 415-655-3838

PUBLISHER. *Latinoamerica Press,* a bilingual weekly, seeks director. Requirements: substantial experience interpreting Latin American issues; familiarity with church, solidarity movements; commmand of English, Spanish; administrative, desktop publishing experience. Minimum commitment 3 years; salary, benefits, negotiable. Send résumé to: Search Committee, *Latinoamerica Press,* Apartado 5594, Lima 100, Peru.

FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION, 74-year-old religious pacifist organization, seeks Development Coordinator to be responsible for fundraising and membership development. Major responsibility for direct mail. Demonstrated ability in fundraising; familiarity with grant writing, planned giving programs helpful. Minorities, women encouraged. Completed application due December 1. Send résumé to: Fran Levin, Box 271, Nyack, NY 10960.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

GOVERNMENT JOBS $16,040–$59,230/year. Now hiring. Your area. (805) 687-6000 Ext. R-3596 for current Federal list.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR HUMAN SERVE CAMPAIGN, nonpartisan nationwide advocate for right to register and vote. Organizing, fundraising, management background preferred. Competitive salary, full benefits. Résumés to: Serve, 622 West 113th Street, New York, NY 10025.

CIRCULATION DIRECTOR. We are seeking an experienced Circulation Director skilled in direct mail, planning, budgeting, promotion and list rental. Lotus desirable. Résumé and cover letter to: Ruth Greenspan, Publisher, *The Progressive,* 409 East Main Street, Madison, WI 53703.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS DIRECTOR for Boston-based human rights/international development agency. Devise communication strategy, manage news media relations, oversee publications production. Five years' advocacy communications /political PR experience. Excellent written/oral communications management and planning skills. Knowledge of desktop publishing preferred. Negotiable salary plus excellent benefits. Résumé/salary history/expectations to: Public Affairs Search, UUSC-N, 78 Beacon Street, Boston, MA 02108. EOE.

PRESERVATION

TIME CAPSULES, SUPPLIES. $1 for brochures, prices, to: Future Packaging, 19834 Squire, Covina, CA 91724.

PUBLICATIONS

TECHNOCRACY-TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for $2 from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, OH 44874.

LEFT BUSINESS OBSERVER A monthly newsletter covering business and economics from a left viewpoint. "A salutary antidote to the economic mush in mainstream periodicals."—Alexander Cockburn. One year $18. 3-issue trial $6. Left Business Observer (Dept. N), 250 West 85th Street, New York, NY 10024.

THE PEOPLE. Marxist biweekly. Since 1891. 4 months/$1. 1 year/$4. The People (N), PO Box 50218, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

REAGANS' MULTIMILLION-DOLLAR CALIFORNIA HOME—who paid for it? Grandma's Problems and Concerns Newsletter. $2. Write: G-PAC, Box 265, Centerville, IN 47330.

SMALL TOWN, the voice of small town America. Articles on planning, preservation, attracting industry, housing, shopping malls, central business district improvement and other matters of interest to small communities. Individual membership in The Small Town Institute, $30. Box 517, Ellensburg, WA 98926. Just out, "Promoting the Arts in Small Communities," $6 Special prices for bulk orders.

COPIES OF THE HISTORIC 120th anniversary issue of *The Nation* (March 22,1986) are available for $4 each, $2.50 each for 10 or more (postpaid). Send order to: The Nation, Anniversary Issue, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

REAL ESTATE

GOVERNMENT HOMES FROM $1. (U repair). Delinquent tax property. Repossessions. Call (805) 687-6000, Ext. GH-3596 for current repo list.

RENTALS

BEACH DUPLEX COTTAGE $48/day (619) 488-4389. 3901 Ocean Front, San Deigo, CA 92109.

SOUTHWEST JAMAICA beachfront villa unscathed by hurricane. Phone for pictures: (203) 247-0759.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates $1.50 per word, 15-word minimum; telephone and POB numbers count as two words, abbreviations and zip codes as one. Classified Display $60 per column inch.

Deadline Wednesday, 26 days prior to Monday issue date.

Discounts Pay for 3 runs, get 1 more free. Pay for 7 runs, 3 more free. Pay for 15 runs, 10 more free.

To THE NATION
Classified Department
72 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., NY 10011

Enclosed is my check for $_____ for _____ weeks, plus _____ weeks free.

Advertiser _____

Address _____ City _____

State _____ Zip _____ Phone _____

Attach ad, typewritten if possible.

Payment must accompany order. **Payment in U.S. currency.**

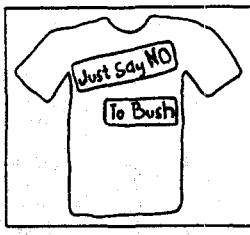
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRAVEL

LEARN TO "Roam the World by Freighter," $3. TravLtips, Box 218U7A, Flushing, NY 11358. 1-(800) 872-8584, (718) 939-2400.

STUDY/WORK/LIVE OVERSEAS! Plan your own overseas adventures with *Transitions Abroad*, Box 344-3055, Amherst, MA 01004. $15 subscription includes 4 issues, *Educational Travel Directory*, *Guide to Living Overseas*.

T-SHIRTS



.....with a huge **NO** on the back !

taxi yellow, pink, teal, hot pink or white logo on black, white, teal or pink shirts. S-M-L-XL / all cotton.

Send: size & color choice *, name, address, $11 check or money order

to: InSight Unlimited
217 Highland Parkway
Rochester, NY 14620
716/473/2921

include an alternate color choice delivery by return mail

CELEBRATE RON'S RETIREMENT IN STYLE

© DAN THIBODEAU 1988

Wear your patriotic colors on this quality, heavyweight, 100% cotton, genuine American T-Shirt. s/m/lg/xl only **$9.95** ppd

Send name, address, size(s) and check or money order to:
PEBA PROD. 5202 Andover Pl.
Austin, Texas 78723
Texas residents add 8% sales tax
allow 3 weeks for delivery
wholesale inquiries welcome (512) 447-1605
© PEBA PROD. AUSTIN, TEXAS

WORKSHOPS

ART WORKSHOP, CHRISTMAS, MEXICO. December 17 to 30. Live, work, play at the INSTITUTO SAN MIGUEL. Paint, draw, all media with NY artists/teachers. Information: ART WORKSHOP, 463 West Street, 1028H, New York, NY 10014. (212) 601-1159.

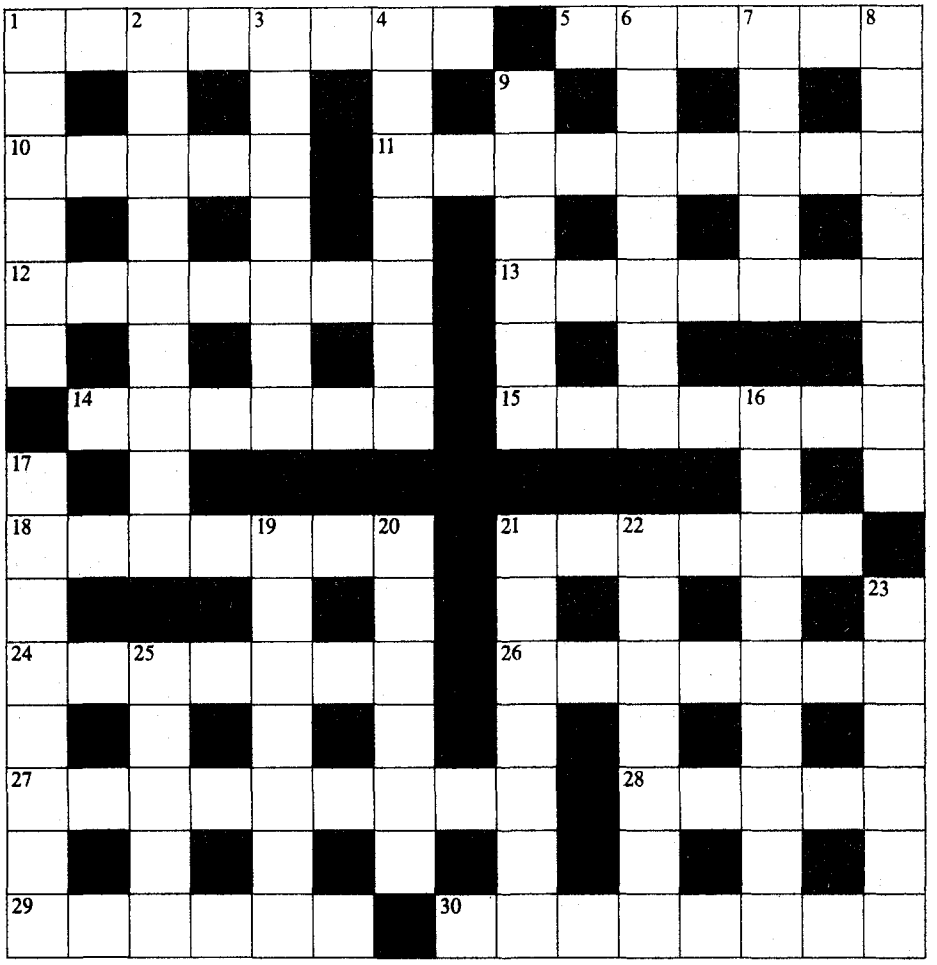
SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2214

■	A	P	P	L	E	P	I	E	O	R	D	E	R	■
F	■	U	■	I	■	R	■	V	■	E	■	R	■	B
L	U	N	E	T	T	E	■	E	R	A	S	U	R	E
O	■	C	■	E	■	Y	■	N	■	C	■	D	■	D
U	S	H	E	R	S	O	U	T	■	H	E	I	R	S
N	■	■	■	A	■	N	■	U	■	R	■	T	■	■
C	E	D	A	R	S	■	C	A	H	O	L	I	N	A
E	■	E	■	Y	■	G	■	L	■	C	■	O	■	B
S	P	L	I	C	E	R	S	■	S	K	U	N	K	S
■	■	I	■	I	■	A	■	B	■	B	■	■	■	E
R	I	V	E	R	■	F	O	R	G	O	T	T	E	N
O	■	E	■	C	■	F	■	O	■	T	■	I	■	T
L	O	R	E	L	E	I	■	W	I	T	H	T	H	E
L	■	E	■	E	■	T	■	S	■	O	■	A	■	E
■	C	R	O	S	S	O	N	E	S	M	I	N	D	■

X-523

Crossword Puzzle No. 2215

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

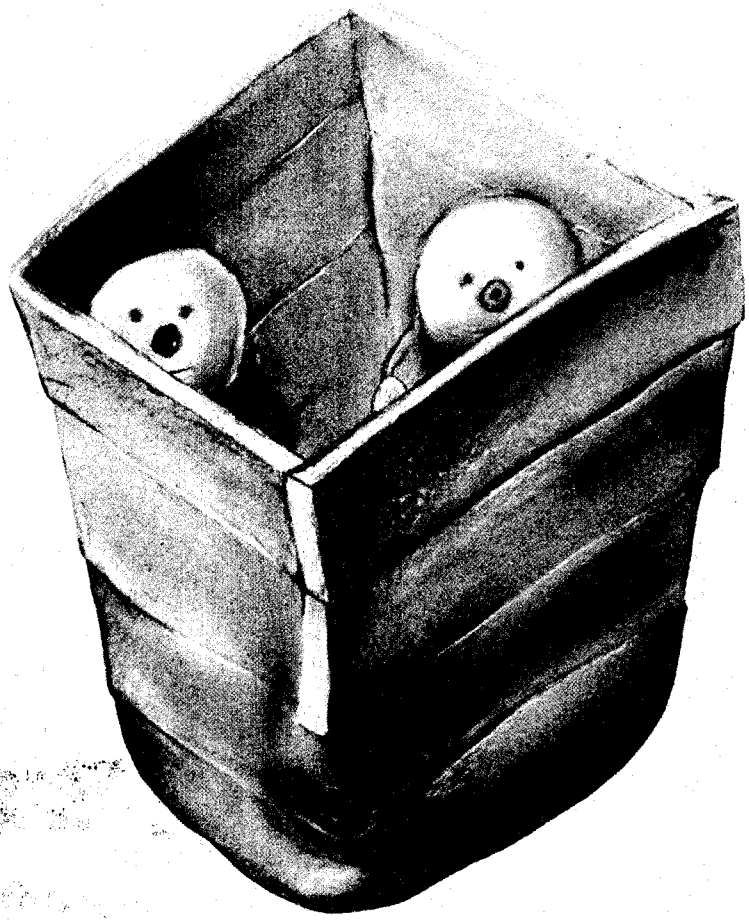
1 Describes a fast train overseas with motors that usually can't be detached—and notices the things here, perhaps. (8,6)
10 A welcome one could be for sore eyes, as they say. (5)
11 Some nonsmokers can't, where the hose is attached. (9)
12 Nero's wife is seen for a short time—one by way of the answer. (7)
13 Puts something in the pot before going to eat a little something. (5,2)
15 and 14 Typically shy thing from the Dark Continent, as they once said? (7,6)
18 With a broken leg, a possible means of support could demand some study. (7)
21 D'Artagnan was one for empty talk to trick someone! (6)
24 A little vegetable will (in somewhat different form), to put it badly. (7)
26 Where Plato taught a low-down type to point to me. (7)
27 The hard-of-hearing might strain to, but it's a memorable phrase. (9)
28 A group of Pacific islands, proving quite a friend to the French. (5)
29 and 30 The rate at which prisoners get out? Reaching for the moon, you'd better attain it! (6,8)

DOWN

1 and 17 Describing a bad shut-out of the Red Sox? (6,8)
2 Not a two-timing striker, some say! (9)
3 Rather peculiarly, lives at what is appropriate to summer. (7)
4 You'll see it in a very short space of time this month. (7)
6 Grandpa might be in the cold, stereotypically. (7)
7 Complains about the tracks of birds—or where they sometimes sit? (5)
8 and 23 You probably know at least part of this story—the rest goes on and on! (8,6)
9 Put restrictions on a couple of articles of food? (You might want this split.) (6)
16 Cream puff pastry—sort of alien for an important oriental figure at one time. (4,2-3)
17 See 1 down
19 A hell of a sort in jazz-like surroundings—if you read the page correctly. (7)
20 They're not in the same league as 1 down, with the sort as bad, however. (6)
21 One could be easily angered with an old one in some such place as Toledo. (7)
22 A small source of power in what might drive the flock away from that which is cleaner on top. (7)
23 See 8
25 *Room at the Top*? (5)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Meet Me at the Edge of the World

How rich is the geography of your mind?

READERS INTERNATIONAL(RI) will help you explore new worlds —through literature.

How better to view a culture, or a people, than through the eyes of their most talented writers? Acknowledged masters, till now undiscovered in English, from Nicaragua, South Korea, India. Acclaimed young writers from South Africa, Poland, Lebanon, the USSR.

Silenced voices now able to speak, from China, the Philippines, Argentina.

For a very modest subscription, ($9.30 + p&p), you can help bring these good books into English—and enjoy them yourself, in fine, hardcover editions.

Every other month RI's editors, translators and advisors select a new, important book from beyond the borders of English.

Begin with *THE EDGE OF THE WORLD,* Janusz Anderman's new dispatches from underground Warsaw. "Anderman writes, apparently with the harshest realism," says the *Los Angeles Times*, "yet there is something magical in the result."

From South Africa comes Ahmed Essop, praised by Nadine Gordimer as one of Africa's best new talents. Urgent works from Seoul, Montevideo, and Bucharest will follow.

Give these and other powerful writers a voice in English. Return the coupon now.

RI READERS INTERNATIONAL
PO Box 959, Columbia, LA71418
Good Books and a Good Cause

Books build bridges, East to West and South to North.

Please begin my subscription to RI with *The Edge of the World* from Warsaw, at the $9.30 subscriber price (+ $1.65 p&p). Send RI's latest book at the same price every other month. I may cancel at any time.

Name

Address Apt. #

City State ZIP

☐ Payment enclosed of $10.95 (Can.$13.75).
☐ Bill my ☐ MasterCard or ☐ VISA.

Card no. Expiry date

Signature

SPECIAL SAVINGS: Prepay a year's subscription for six books at just $7.50 a book (+ $1.65 p&p):
☐ **Payment enclosed of $55 (Can$65).**
☐ **Bill my credit card for US$55.**

Mail to: RI, P.O. Box 959
Columbia, LA 714718 TNA 26

Artwork: "Masks" by Stasys, Warsaw

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED